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SYNOPSIS.

[Luke Croesus, a Texas gold-hunter, in company with one Sheppard, discovered a gulch in Alaska which tells of a hidden fortune. Sheppard is murdered and robbed by his partners. Jeanne and Rosie Croesus sets out for Arizona to find the mine. A Spaniard, Don Ortego, sees the letter which reveals the secret, but is unable to decipher it. Ortego, Jack Raymond and the servants, Gold Nick, Dismond, a young American, follows her party to wave them. He is pursued by the Indians. Raymond comes to close quarters with one of his pursuers, discovers that he is a Spaniard painted like an Indian, and strikes him down with a fist, a ring on his hand wounding him on a Sunday cannon all discharged at once and the accidents of civilized straits over his senses.

Raymond's chance of life is Level Number Four might that least was treacherously exploded, was as one in a thousand, yet that thousandth chance was decreed him, and he lives.

When he opens his eyes, he finds that he is lying flat on his back on the floor of the chamber. Above him, a few inches off, is the rock that has bruised from head to feet, but he can move his limbs and body and this appears that no bones are broken. Rising slowly, he feels about him with his outstretched fingers. Can it be that the globe he had supposed was there?

If true Jeanne's warning comes to him. If this be the case, then the cave has its holes would have been stuffed out even as was the entrance to the Level. What is to be done? Raymond is confronted with fate. Gold Nick and Mady must act work and he has been left to starve in the dark and lonely cave all the evening. Now, however, the silence is broken by a muffled shout. Him.

Rising painfully down on his knees, he listens with his ear close to the floor. At first, a ring on his hand wounding him on

"We found Sheppard's dead body down thar, too."

the temple. He overtakes the Croesus party, just as Rosie is fatally wounded, and goes for assistance. Rosie dies and on the relief party hastens back to Croesus, only to find that he has left the mine. Rosie discover that it has but recently been worked said. Raymond starts to Phoenix to file Croesus' claim, and on the way sees Don Ortego. By working the mine Croesus becomes rich. After two years Raymond appears and asks for work. While working at night on claim-jumpers he sees and the Don is accused of murdering him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

The knife that Raymond found in Level Number Four below a deeper significance for him than appears on the surface. Raymond knows that horn-handled knife well, and when Jeanne assures him that, beyond all doubt, the knife belonged to Sheppard, Ned's eagerness to return to work in the drift is redoubled.

Once back at the scene of his labors, he examines the rock that has been blown off the face of the drift. After finding nothing belonging to Sheppard, he is disappointed, for his search is fruitless. After he has gone over the entire attention to the slate wall across the end of the level. With his pick he tries this and it and with his long-handled sledge he rains upon it blow after blow. Not only has the latter left no marks. But there is some myster- ious thing in the air that tells him that he is alive.

Taking up one of his drills, he sets its sharp point against the rock in front of him and begins what he believes is going to be a long and arduous task. He will drill a five-foot hole into the end wall, load it and connect it by wire with the other six holes which he has drilled and filled with powder. Then, by touching a battery to the wires when a burst light flashes up before his eyes, his ears are rent with a sound as of a thousand cannon all discharged at once and the accidents of civilized straits over his senses.

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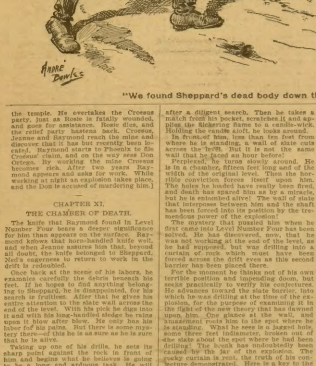

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Raymond is in the dark. He is in the cave where he is standing. What he sees is a jagged hole in the slate wall, a hole that was not there when he left the level to begin his day's drilling. The hole has undoubtedly been caused by the jar of the explosion. The rocky curtain is rent, the truth of his conjecture demonstrated. Here is a key to the disappearance of Sheppard. What lies in the hole is a mystery.

The fire is close at hand underground the fuse is short. He must act at once. Ned Raymond is not to scan for an instant, pile and stand against the wall of the level. In a moment, however, he throws off the feeling that oppresses him and summons all his courage. He has need of it in facing the revelation which the chamber beyond is about to make.

Grasping his candle firmly he approaches the hole in the wall of rock. The wall is about three feet thick, and he finds that it extends from side to side. He peers through, but the rays of his candle are not strong enough to penetrate the awful gloom. Without a moment's hesitation, he crams the candle into the hole and sets it on the other side.

He is now in a second chamber, the size of the one he has just left, but this chamber has a floor and roof. Raymond's head looks about him more critically, and there gives vent to a sudden exclamation of horror. The candle drops from his shaking fingers and he falls back against the barrier of slate with both hands over his face. The candle is not extinguished, but splutters at the end of the wick, and Raymond has the strong and dazed to look over his eyes.

He is in a chamber of death!

At last Raymond braces up in the candle and walks toward the end of the level. How cold sounds the labored breathing in those narrow confines! His very heart seems to beat at him the chance of a doom such as this.

Raymond is not alone in that chamber. A man is kneeling with his face to the end of the level, and in the man's right fingers is clutched a fragment of slate. And the point of this fragment is still resting against the stone where it has been roughly traced these two words:

THE DON

Raymond reads the words and a groan bursts through his wide lips. He lays a hand on the man's shoulder and the fragment of slate drops from the nerveless fingers, the form sways and falls sideways to the floor.

The man is Sheppard. He has been dead for days, and his body is stiff and cold. A terrible death-chamber awaiting this day and hour. Murder will out and this one, at least, has come to the light.

Raymond sinks down beside the rigid, contracted form. With one word passes his lips, but that word is startling in its significance and is the expression of grief.

"Father!"

Jed Booker, agent at the land office at Redding, California, had often heard of Hilda Croesus, the beautiful girl who had come from Ridwell to Reno, but he never had been at the place, and was not a little surprised one morning when a man and woman came in and made application for homestead entry in that rather remote region. The man was perhaps forty years of age, tall, dark, and of rather soldierly appearance, perfectly clean shaven, and one that seemed fairly liquid in their dark and expressive depths. His hair was as jet as a maiden's, his hands as soft and as white, and his clothing was that of a person unused to the rough experiences of ranch life. He was, in fact, a man to be noticed, and the most singular thing about him was that soon, as well as Booker, he had come to look after him on the street with the expectation. "What a very handsome man!"

His companion was a most modest female, a woman of perhaps thirty and one whose face and figure would have commanded admiration anywhere. She had rather more than a touch of the Spanish in her dark complexion which were invested in the richest and was particularly careful in the boundaries, constantly consulting some notes and plans she had with her. But they finished finally, paid the fee and started out.

You understand you must reside on that land a year to perfect title, do you?" he said to his agent.

"Certainly," said the woman; "we will reside there."

It seemed so strange to the agent that a man, such a man as Booker filled up two sheets of his office with the names of the persons on the Buffalo Meadows tract, a woman, too, who was evidently a lady, and who entered her personal effects and asked to see the records. When shown them she turned over page after page, and finally came to the entry made by Mabel and Edgar Croesus.

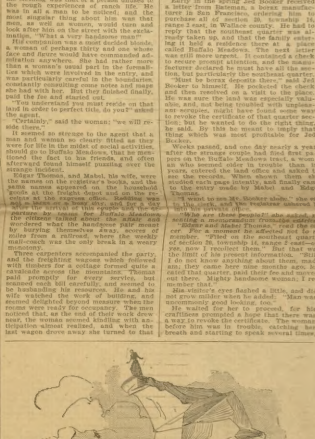
"Why, they've been here!" she cried, with a little shriek, and the register observed her face flush and her eyes sparkle.

"Do you know people?" she asked, evidently much interested in the matter.

"Not personally," replied the city officer. For a moment he affected not to remember, but when the weekly number of section 26, township 31, range 2 east—oh, yes, I know them well. They're the ones, I think, who have been here a year, though I do not know anything about them, madam, they came here nine months ago, located that quarter, paid their fee and moved out there. Mighty handsome woman; I remember that."

The dark eyes flashed a little, and did not grow milder when he added: "Man was uncommonly good looking, too."

He waited for her word, for his craftiness prompted a hope that there was a story in records of the Croesus. The woman before him was in trouble, catching her breath and starting to speak several times;



Then without a cry she plunged from the cliff.

dark, handsome man and wrapped him around in a close, passionate embrace.

"We are safe, and we can stay here forever," she said. She showered attentions upon him she hastened constantly to his wants; she brought books and songs and sang to him in the evening. Then, when she walked and drove with him, watching incessantly and anticipating his slightest wish, she fairly worshiped the man, and revealed in the light of those dark eyes as though it were a revelation. For as it was from human meeting she never permitted the day to grow too long. In Sunday weather she was Diana to him, and made the paths of the redwoods and the canons of the Sierras familiar. Then came the rainy days from Ridwell to Reno, but he never had been at the place, and was not a little surprised one morning when a man and woman came in and made application for homestead entry in that rather remote region. The man was perhaps forty years of age, tall, dark, and of rather soldierly appearance, perfectly clean shaven, and one that seemed fairly liquid in their dark and expressive depths. His hair was as jet as a maiden's, his hands as soft and as white, and his clothing was that of a person unused to the rough experiences of ranch life. He was, in fact, a man to be noticed, and the most singular thing about him was that soon, as well as Booker, he had come to look after him on the street with the expectation. "What a very handsome man!"

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(Continued on second page.)

...ess, had dowered him with wealth in which he revelled till the last dollar was gone; had borne his cruel, scornful treatment, his heartless neglect, and finally watched him as his faithless eyes rested in wooing on a rival.

Mabel Torrence, a banker's wife, the richest, handsomest woman in the country, confessed the thraldom of his wicked eyes, forgetting her wifely vows and fell at last to abject, shameless worship. She flung restraint to the winds, flouted the good opinion of the town, and gloried that her sunny face could rest in tenderness against his rich, dark beauty.

One day the banker was found dead in his chair behind the solid doors of his private room, and near an open window. He had been shot through the heart. All his wealth was left to his wife, and Edgar Thomas was her attorney to transact all business. If there was scandal in the affair, they despised it, and ignored the comment of the town. When all assets had been turned to cash they left the place together. The deserted woman had tried to find them, had crossed the ocean twice, had hit upon a clue at last, and after months of disappointment, traced them here.

"I want to be very careful," she said, "for since he left Marigold the people there believe he shot the banker. Perhaps they can prove it."

That was a bitter admission. Clearly Jed Booker had nothing to fear from her. She wanted her husband, not his land.

"Was the woman guilty, too?" he asked at length.

"I think not." The admission came reluctantly, but was plainly truth. The registrar found his visitor quarters at the best hotel. She was almost penniless, but he provided for her generously.

"You shall be my private secretary," he said, as she took a desk in the little room and was entrusted with all the government correspondence pending such time as the registrar should decide upon some plan by which she might win back the recreant husband. He called her Mrs. Ellice, and she was so known at the hotel.

"Does anyone in Marigold know where he is?" asked Booker.

"No one knows but you and I. He is perfectly safe."

"Then let him stay where he is till the next payment comes due. They will come down here then. We will not have long to wait."

But when the time came, when only one day was lacking to make the full first year, the mailcarrier entered the registrar's office on his way to Reno and paid the second installment for Edgar and Mabel Thomas. Evidently they did not intend to appear in Redding. So Jed Booker decided to visit them and to take with him the woman who could wring from that fugitive pair the one thing on earth he wanted—title deeds to the Meadows claim. For in these past weeks letters had come to him almost daily during every effort to vacate the record of that first entry or in some way secure the land for Bateman. The registrar knew the manufacturer had speculated in his one product, and that the whole present available supply of borax would not suffice to relieve his obligations. The ground was known to be rich in the curious mineral, and a million depended on its transfer. Booker was willing to trade on the banker's misfortunes, and had no hesitancy in using for his purpose the passions of this wronged woman who had so fortunately come within his grasp.

But that mingled emotion of love and hate had inspired a strange craft in Mrs. Ellice. She knew the San Francisco letters referred to her husband's land, and stole a glance at their contents. Then she evolved a plan which seemed to her the one plank on which she might walk to triumph with Edgar Thomas across a flood which should forever separate him from that blonde Circe who had enslaved him. She boldly wrote to Bateman telling him she was the real wife of Edgar Thomas, and that she could compel her husband to surrender the land to her. What was it then worth to the manufacturer? His reply amazed her. She might demand thousands upon thousands if only the title-deed came quickly. She trembled lest Booker should know of her treason to him and started in fear when he proposed leaving for Buffalo Meadows with her next morning.

"I don't care on my own account," he said to her warily, as they took their seats in the mail wagon, "but I want you to have your rights, and as he is your husband he must either provide for you or live with you. And then a registrar in a government land office cannot afford to issue certificates to men and women as husband and wife when they are in fact not related."

The two days' ride was a dreary one to both of them. Ten miles from Redding they passed the last cultivated farm on the road, and after that no sign of human habitation, excepting the temporary quarters of stock ranchers, broke the monotony till the little settlement of Stillville was reached, where they passed the first night. Then Deep Wells, Sheep's Head and Warm Spring, with their clustering houses, stables and corrals, were passed in succession, and at evening they drove upon the grassy tableland of Buffalo Meadows.

"We will stop here," said Booker, when they were half a mile from the house, and he and his companion got down. He knew the mail wagon would be watched as it approached the cottage of the man they wanted, and he preferred to come upon him with less warning. But scarcely had the driver left them, when Mrs. Ellice screamed:

"Oh, Edgar!" and turned to a man who had risen among the sage brush a hundred yards to the left.

He stood as though rooted to the ground until she started to him, when, with one frightened glance at the house, he came to meet her. Jed Booker found grace enough to veil his eyes from that meeting. Yet he knew that all the boundless, forgiving love of the woman was not enough to wring a welcome from the man before. They walked together to the house, Thomas at first abashed and defenseless, but gaining countenance as he neared the dwelling; the woman trembling with excitement, feverish with anger and burning with the sense of her wrong, yet she spoke in kindliest terms; nothing was avoided, nothing was charged. She was playing to win her husband, and all the baseness, all the craft of Booker must be overmatched. At the door stood the blonde. What storms she had passed through in those moments when she watched her lover bringing this woman no one can tell. She was frightened, but not repentant; she was at bay, but not groveling in abasement. She ushered them into the house and seated them, purposely dividing husband and wife, then took her place beside Edgar Thomas. Jed Booker, as became a man of business, opened the discussion.

"There is no need of mincing matters," he said. "This woman who is signed with you in entering this government land is not your wife. The entry is illegal. You must surrender it."

"Is that all?" demanded Mabel Torrence.

"And he and you must separate."

She started. That was the sword which could wound her. "Are you an officer?" she demanded after a moment, and Jed Booker was surprised into telling the truth.

"No, I am not." She was more at ease. "You two can assign all your rights in the southeast quarter of the section to Mrs. Ellice Thomas. She is the real wife, as you know, and unless you do this she can easily file a petition and prove it; and then she might make trouble for you two."

Thomas was rocking easily. His first fright had vanished now that so rare a reinforcement had arrived, and all the man's bad nature was in sight as he shifted the struggle to other hands. He even looked back with a sort of gratulation at the past. Had he not conquered rarely? Not many men had been so favored as he.

Mabel Torrence thought a while. She struggled against the defeat, which in spite of her calmness, she knew was upon her, and was tempted to let them have their way. But as her blue eyes rested upon her comrade, frightened at such a future, she started and swiftly exclaimed:

"We will do nothing. You can go back to Redding and do your worst." She rose in swelling anger and towered above the woman she had helped to wrong. How her radiant beauty grew brighter against the trouble-stained brow of that sorrowing wife. How stronger than innocence was her savage exultation in that victory.

"Our worst," said Jed Booker, "will be to arrest Edgar Thomas for murder and send him back to Tennessee."

"Oh!" cried the fair woman, crushed in an instant, and turning to him as if to shield him from a blow. He had risen, white to his hair with the blanched consciousness of guilt. "You will not touch him," she cried fiercely, gathering strength again. "You shall not touch one hair of his dear head. You can take the land; We don't want it; but you shall not separate us."

"Here's the papers. Sign them," said Booker. It was clear sailing for him now, he thought. He was not afraid of Ellice Thomas. She did not know the land was valuable. He could easily manage her.

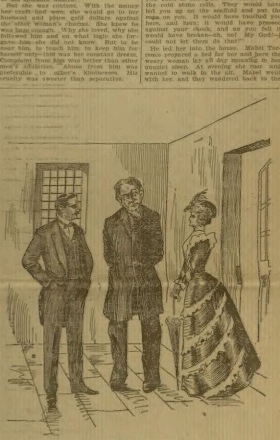
At daybreak he left with his charge for Redding. "You can perfect title if you want to," he said to her. "Then I will issue you a government warrant."

She accepted, quietly, he thought, and accounted for it on the ground of her not understanding how valuable the patent was to her. He little knew that under her habitual acquiescence the woman was deeper than he. And the very night she received the document Ellice Thomas disappeared from Redding.

He did not know where to look for her. She had left absolutely no trace. Excessive solicitude would have made him an object of suspicion and so he must be patient. But at the worst he resolved, since he had lost that splendid chance to reap a rich harvest, he would punish Edgar Thomas even if there were hanging for murder in Tennessee.

Ellice made her way to San Francisco, laid her patent before Bateman and took in exchange the generous price which a speculator's necessity had made him willing to pay. When he had finished the trade Bateman told the woman that quarter section was full of borax; that the soft cottony balls fairly crowded the light sand, and that with the store he could gather there a fortune awaited him; and that without it the men with whom he traded daily could take from him the last dollar of his splendid wealth.

But she was content. With the money her craft had won, she would go to her husband and place gold dollars against the other woman's charms. She knew he was base enough. Why she loved, why she followed him and on what logic she forgave him she did not know. But to be near him, to touch him, to keep him for herself only—this was her constant dream. Complaint from him was better than other men's adulation. Abuse from him was preferable to other's kindnesses. His cruelty was sweeter than separation.



"No, I don't know him."

But before she could reach Redding Jed Booker had worked his will. Edgar Thomas was in jail.

The registrar met her on the street and glared at her savagely, but was too mindful of his federal responsibility to upbraid her. He only informed her of the arrest, and expressed the hope that she had sold her land at advantage.

"It didn't do you any good, though," he said. "That scamp husband of yours will leave for Tennessee tomorrow. Ah! Sheriff Miller, come here. This is Mrs. Ellice Thomas, wife of the man you have in jail. You knew her in my office simply as Mrs. Ellice."

The registrar accompanied the woman and the officer to the jail.

"Are you really his wife?" asked Sheriff Miller.

"I am the wife of Edgar Thomas of Marigold, Tennessee," said the woman, trembling again, for another problem was before her.

"Edgar Thomas of Marigold, Tennessee, who shot Banker Torrence?" continued the sheriff.

"Yes, and the same man who ran away from me with Banker Torrence's widow," said the woman, bitterly.

"You would recognize him, of course?"

"Certainly, and be glad to see him. I have hunted for him more than a year."

Jed Booker told the sheriff how this faded woman had crossed the ocean, had borne hardship and sorrow, and had never abated one effort in the search; how her own fortune had been dissipated by the murderer of Torrence, and how richly the villain deserved the fate which hung on her identification.

"This is the only question," said Sheriff Miller. "He and the woman Mabel, who lived at Buffalo Meadows, declare I have the wrong man, but my telegrams from Marigold say the real wife can identify him." He left the office to bring in the prisoner. Ellice Thomas turned to the registrar.

"I have your letters to Bateman of San Francisco," she said. "If you want me to send them to Washington just contradict one word I say when that man comes back."

He was thunderstruck. Not only would the letters cost him his position, but they would serve to convict him, for he had promised to commit a felony if only Bateman would pay him well enough. He was the whiter of the two when the door opened and Sheriff Miller stood before them with the prisoner.

Ellice Thomas looked up inquiringly at the dark, handsome fellow, but there was not a gleam of recognition in her eyes. She looked him over carefully; it had been more than a year since her husband deserted her, and he might have changed; but at the end of the inspection she turned to the sheriff.

"Do you know him?" asked that officer.

"No, I never saw him."

"Sure?"

"Why, certainly. He is not my husband, Edgar Thomas. That may be his name, but he never lived in Marigold, Tennessee. I cannot be mistaken. He does not at all resemble my husband."

The sheriff was beaten. He had so fully counted on identification and a consequent reward. Jed Booker sweat great drops of agony, but he held his peace. He dared not tell this woman he had seen her wrap this man in her arms at Buffalo Meadows not a month before. He could only gape in idiocy and feel blindly for his hat.

"Well, I suppose that settles it," said Sheriff Miller. "Booker vouches for the woman, and she vouches for you. I am sorry to have put you to all this trouble, sir, but you know how it was. Your name, the given name of your wife, the time you first came here, all were against you. But you are free. Good-day, sir."

Thomas could not nearly understand it himself; he was confused and had just wit enough to let his confusion pass for anger. But he left the room and the town without daring to look at the woman who had saved him.

Jed Booker went back to the land office and sat down to unravel the mystery. He never succeeded. From the first it was the fiend's own puzzle to him, and to the last he could find nothing certain excepting the fact that $10,000 which he might have had were resting comfortably in the purse of a very shrewd woman. To this day he does not know but the whole thing from the entry "Edgar and Mabel Thomas" on the register was a gigantic scheme.

Ellice Thomas knew. She had saved her husband to lose him. But for her falsehood he would have gone to execution with as sure a tread as murderer ever knew. And now that his neck had slipped from the leash of danger she must see him again—just once, and then to forever let him dwell where he would; let him revel in any bliss he could win. Her very presence near him was conviction now.

She knew he would go to Buffalo Meadows, and she followed him there. She had made the ride on horseback and at night, and she stood at his door just at dawn of the fourth day.

"I only want to see you, Edgar," she said, "and then I will leave you forever. Do not drive me away. I have suffered much for you. I watched by the baby till she died, asking for you. I buried her alone out there by the locust trees and then started to find you—not for hate, but for love. Let me touch you. Let me kiss your hands. They would have killed you, wouldn't they? They would have taken you back to Marigold and locked you in the cold stone cells. They would have led you up on the scaffold and put the rope on you. It would have touched you here, and here; it would have pressed against your cheek, and as you fell it would have broken—oh, no! My God!—I could not let them do that!"

He led her into the house. Mabel Torrence prepared a bed for her and here the weary woman lay all day moaning in her unquiet sleep. At evening she rose and wanted to walk in the air. Mabel went with her, and they wandered back to the hill which rose in a precipice shading the house.

"Let us climb up there," said Ellice Thomas, and the younger woman went with her. At the very top they turned to the vivid glory of the sunset sky for a moment, and then, without a cry of warning, the deserted wife plunged from the cliff to the ragged rocks below.

"Edgar!" screamed Mabel Torrence. "She has killed herself, Edgar!"

She flew down the winding path and saw the frenzied man bend over the crushed, still form of his wife. He lifted her, he saw how utterly the end had come, and then turned in awful rage upon the living woman.

"You fiend, you killed her!" he cried. "You brazen, shameless, heartless hag, you threw her from the cliff!"

He struck her, and then grasped her throat and tried to strangle her. She struggled with a madman, reaping the whirlwind she had sown.

"Edgar—don't strike me—Edgar—don't! oh, don't!—before God I did not, Edgar! Don't, dear; don't kill me. I did not touch her!"

He rained the blows upon her. He buried his strong grip on her beautiful throat. He beat her white body till his rage was spent in exhaustion. Then he fell on the stony ground at the margin of Buffalo Meadows and lost consciousness.

At daybreak the Chinamen who had served them found two women, cold in death, right where the warm rays of the earliest sunshine could touch them. Their forms had been straightened and composed and over the face of the elder woman was spread a veil, as if to keep the eyes, which would not close, from following a fugitive forever.

A New Detective Story.

Next week a thrilling detective story by a celebrated author will be begun. The story is full of action, and records the adventures of a Washington detective who rounded up the traitors who were plotting to blow up one of our largest powder mills and deliver some of the munitions of war to the Spaniards. It is a great story. Do not miss the opening chapters.

Boys and Girls on America.

Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking. One day the King of Spain said to him: "Can you discover America?" And Columbus said:

"Yes, if you will give me a ship."

So the king gave him a ship, and he started out and sailed and sailed. Some of the men said they didn't believe any such story, and didn't believe there was any America, but pretty soon the pilot said: "I see land," and then Columbus said: "Well, then, it is America."

They went ashore and saw a lot of black men running around, and then Columbus said: "Are you niggers?"

They said: "Yes; you are Columbus, aren't you?"

Columbus said: "Yes, I am," and then they threw up their hands and said:

"Oh, dear, it's no use! we've got discovered at last."—Success.

MISS CROESUS.

(Continued from first page.)

Then in spite of the onlooking miners, Ned Raymond catches her hand and presses it to his heart.

He has wakened from the darkness of death into the brightness of life and love.

—And the Don has lost!

CHAPTER XII.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

Raymond is not long in recovering from that terrible experience in Level Number Four. Within three days he is himself again, but as those three days have been spent in the little white cottage, with Jeanne as his ministering angel, he considers them the happiest of his life.

During this time, Sheppard is brought up from the drift where he lost his life, and is laid away on the hillside. To Jeanne and her father Ned Raymond tells of the curtain of rock which was rent by the premature explosion. Vividly he describes that second chamber—the chamber of death. But he says nothing about that writing on the wall and breathes not a syllable of his true relation to the dead man whose name is supposed to be Sheppard. All this he allows to pass in silence. Nor does he even hint at the complicity of the Don in the murder of Sheppard, or in the attempted murder of himself.

Why does Raymond maintain this strange silence? He feels that the time has not come for him either to speak or to act. He is yet to formulate that supreme count in his indictment against the Spaniard and the consequences are to be so terrible that he feels he must be absolutely sure of his ground. As he has said, this world is a small place when a man has just cause for hate and to seek a blood revenge, and he knows the Don can not escape him.

On the second day after the rescue, as Raymond sits in a rocking chair by the window, he sees Luke Croesus, Jeanne and the Don advancing towards the house. Stern determination is expressed in the faces of father and daughter while anxiety is as legibly traced on the countenance of the Don.

The three enter the cottage in silence and stand before Raymond. Croesus looks at Jeanne and nods as a signal for her to do the speaking. She begins at once in the firm voice that ever characterizes a settled purpose on her part.

"Mr. Raymond, from information that has come to our ears regarding that premature explosion in Level Number Four, whereby your life was greatly imperiled, my father and myself are led to believe that you were the victim of treachery. We further believe that that treachery was executed by the superintendent of the Santa Rosa, Don Ortego."

She turns upon the Spaniard a pair of cold and merciless eyes and so searching is her glance that he cannot bear it, but looks away.

"Therefore," continues Jeanne, allowing her gaze to return to Raymond, "we have brought this man before you, to prefer the charge against him, and to allow him to speak in his own defense in your presence. You are to be the judge of the evidence, and the Don shall either be taken away to Phoenix, to answer for a crime, or absolved from suspicion and reinstated as superintendent. This is as you may elect."

"That's the ticket!" affirms Croesus, nodding his head in approval, while the Don nervously shifts his position. "Go ahead, girl."

Jeanne proceeds:

"First, it is well known that the Don dislikes you intensely. Is that true, Don Ortego?"

"It is," answers the Don, calmly.

"Second," goes on Jeanne, "immediately after hiring you, the Don sent you into Level Number Four, and it is known that, since Sheppard's disappearance, he gave strict orders for no man to enter it. Now, if that drift was too dangerous for other men, why was it not for you? We can but infer that the superintendent was animated by a treacherous purpose."

Raymond knows that the Don kept others out of the level to prevent an ultimate finding of Sheppard, but he holds his peace and listens.

"You overlook the fact," suggests the Don, "that when the explosion occurred, I was sitting in front of this house, talking with Mr. Croesus. How could I have set off the blast?"

"Talk to Mr. Raymond and not to me," commands Jeanne. "He is to pass on your testimony and whatever he decides upon will have the full confidence and sanction of my father and myself. But we must consider, as a part of the evidence to be brought against you, that the man who had charge of the bateries on the night of the explosion, has disappeared."

"Does that not suggest to you," returns the wily Don, "that perhaps he set off the blast by mistake and fled to escape the consequences?"

"Yes," says Jeanne, mercilessly, "or it suggests that you might have hired him to do a diabolical piece of work and then flee as a matter of your own personal safety."

The Don turns white and his nervousness increases.

"You are hard on me," he murmurs.

"I am trying to be just in the face of stern provocation to act first and think afterward," she replies. "One more suspicion remains to be brought against you. Scarcely had the echoes of the explosion died away when you were confronted by a woman who accused you of setting off the blast and murdering Ned Raymond. This accusation was made in the presence of my father and myself. That woman, also, has disappeared. Don Ortego, who was that woman? Where is she now?"

Jeanne's words have a strange effect upon Raymond. He has risen from the chair and his burning eyes are centered upon the Don.

"She was one of the concert hall singers in the town," puts in Croesus.

As he hears this, a yet fiercer light burns in Raymond's eyes and there is a suggestion in his face of the awful rage that convulsed him two years before, when he overtook the Spaniard and saved for Jeanne and her father the claim he was about to steal from them.

"I know nothing about that woman," declares the Don, recoiling a step from Raymond.

"Then why the eternal did ye call her Mildred?" cries Croesus, who hates a lie above all the other commandments.

"Did he call her Mildred?" says Raymond, chokingly, speaking for the first time.

"He did," affirms Croesus, solemnly.

Raymond looks the Don squarely in the eyes and never has Jeanne seen mortal hate so vividly portrayed. She trembles. Even her father is awed. As for the Don, his white face is overspread with a sickly pallor.

For several moments the two men glare at each other; then Raymond says, in a strained voice:

"It needed but that one word to awake the sleeping devils within one and it seems like fate that that word must needs be spoken." With an effort he withdrew his eyes from the Don and looks at Jeanne. Her mute glance pleads with him to restrain himself for her sake. The conflict between love and hate is short, and Raymond drops back into his chair. "Let that man go," he says, almost in a whisper. "I have no charges to prefer against him, here."

Perhaps the Don is the most surprised of Raymond's three auditors. As danger recedes, his self-confidence increases. He looks around at Jeanne and her father in something very nearly akin to triumph.

"'Tain't possible ye mean it?" says Croesus, incredulously.

"It is not for you or I to question Ned Raymond's meaning, father," remarks Jeanne, as she turns to the Spaniard. "You may go, Don Ortego."

The Don leaves and Croesus goes with him.

In the afternoon of that day Jeanne stands in the doorway of the white cottage, looking upward at the spot on the mountainside where Sheppard has been buried.

"Why are you so sad, Jeanne?" asks Raymond, softly.

Tears sparkle in her eyelashes as she turns to him and answers:

"I yearn for something with my whole soul; for something that haunts me day and night and will give me no peace."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"Rosie," she whispers with a choking sob. "We left her miles and miles away and it would be a comfort to me, beyond any power of words to express, if she could only be brought back and laid up there."

She presses a kerchief to her eyes and sinks weeping into a chair. From sympathy, Ned Raymond remains silent.

"This thought has been with me constantly," continues Jeanne, after a time, "ever since we established ourselves here. But a vast stretch of country lies between little Rosie and the Santa Rosa and hostile Indians would contend almost every step of the way. No, no!" she adds, passionately, "It is impossible. Sometime, perhaps, but not now, Rosie will be brought to me and one of the dearest wishes of my life fulfilled."

"Ay, sometime," says Raymond, and Jeanne fails to grasp the undertone of meaning that throbs in the words.

The next day Raymond leaves the cottage, and there is a vague mystery about his movements that impress Jeanne. Left to herself, she considers the time ripe for a little investigation which she contemplates making on her own part. The concert singer, Mildred, preys upon her mind. What is this woman to the Don? What is she to Raymond that the mere mention of her name should excite in him such unspeakable passion?

After Raymond leaves, Jeanne ventures into the town and makes a few inquiries of several women who are wives of the mine employes. She learns little, except that the beautiful singer's stay in Buzzerville has been of a very brief duration. Jeanne would give a great deal to find her and she offers a reward for any information as to the woman's whereabouts. It would be hard, in this matter, to decide whether Jeanne's concern is most for Raymond or the Don.

Late in the afternoon the superintendent calls at the cottage. Jeanne does not ask him into the house, but steps out to meet him.

"Well?" she queries interrogatively.

It is her purpose, from now on, to treat the Spaniard with scant courtesy.

"They tell me in the town that you have been looking for the woman who made that accusation against me, on the night of the explosion," says the Don, calmly.

She gives an almost imperceptible start and eyes him narrowly.

"And if I have?" she asks, coldly.

"I can imagine why you wish to find her," he returns, "and I am anxious that you shall find her. Your suspicions are now directed against me. If you can have an interview with this concert hall singer I feel that you will come to regard me in my true light."

"I hardly think that an interview with this woman is necessary in order to make me regard you in your true light," she replies, with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Surely your sense of justice will not suffer you to condemn me without a hearing?"

"Nevertheless, this conversation seems to be entirely without purpose."

"It is not without purpose. I have come to take you to this woman."

Jeanne is astonished.

"You know where she is, then?"

"I do."

"And you have known all the time?"

"Do not be unnecessarily harsh, Miss Croesus. I have known no more of her whereabouts than has—Mr. Raymond."

She resents this allusion to Raymond, and shows it unmistakably, although she says nothing.

"Will you do an act of simple justice and accompany me?" asks the Don.

"Can you not bring the woman here?"

"Impossible."

Once more she peers into his face as though seeking to divine his inmost motive; then, without a word, she enters the cottage and shortly reappears with a shawl over her head.

"I am ready," she says.

The Don leads her away into the foothills, farther and farther from the rush and rumble of the camp. Finally he pauses just where a jutting rock separates them from a little arroyo running up into the mountains.

"Behind that rock," he says, in a low tone, and she steps around the boulder and stands looking up the ravine.

Some distance away, entirely oblivious of her presence, she sees not only the concert hall singer, but Ned Raymond as well. They are standing close together and Raymond is talking with evident earnestness and passion. Jeanne is too far away to hear what is said, but she stands and watches with paling cheeks and wildly beating heart. The woman is beautiful, Jeanne cannot deny that. At last Raymond ceases speaking, his companion bows her head in her hands and then he catches her to his heart, kisses her brow and—but Jeanne waits to see no more. Withal the masterful qualities of her character, she is still a woman and her grief and humiliation are complete. She hurries away as fast as her feet can carry her, watched out of sight by the Don.

The Spaniard has made a highly successful play, and he smiles mockingly and exults in his heart.

(To be continued next week.)

Fame's Pathway.

The Vicomtess Vigier, with whom the Prince of Wales breakfasted at Nice the other day, to meet the Russian grand dukes, and the distinguished company, was at one time famous throughout Europe as Sophie Cruvelli, a prima donna.

M. Zola will receive a gold medal of over two pounds in weight, modeled by Charpentier, and cast from wax dies, so that there will be only one copy in existence. Each subscriber will receive a miniature model of the medal in bronze.

The recent marriage of M. Deibler, Jr., son of the French public executioner, was kept very quiet, only the witnesses and a few relatives being present—thirteen in all. His wife (nee Rosalie Roges) is a young lady of twenty-one summers, formerly a cigarmaker in one of the government factories.

Margaret Mather, who left only $600 when she died recently, was born in poverty, but rose to wide fame in the theatrical world, and for a brief time was the wife of a wealthy young brewer.

Captain Charles Weaver of an Arkansas company wears a sword that was first carried by his great-great-grandfather in the revolutionary war, next by his great-grandfather in the war of 1812, and again by his uncle, who was killed in the civil war at the battle of Arkansas Post.

The erection of a statue to Mr. Villers, which was unveiled in his presence at Wolverhampton in 1879, is not the only instance of a popular public man in Great Britain being honored by a statue in his lifetime. Thus a statue has been erected in Aberdeen by public subscription in honor of Doctor William A. Hunter, who was member from Aberdeen from 1885 until his retirement from the house of commons, owing to ill health, a year ago. Doctor Hunter may be regarded as the principal agent in securing free education for Scotland. So, too, some years ago a statue was erected to Lord Ardilaun (Sir Arthur Guinness) by the citizens of Dublin, in recognition of his princely gift of St. Stephen's green as a public park for the people of the Irish metropolis. There are many statues of Bismarck scattered through Germany.

No Help Needed.

"If any man wanted to kiss me I should scream for help."

"Oh, if he really wanted to kiss you, you wouldn't need any one to make him do it."

Mother—You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club? Daughter—I soon broke him of that. Mother—How did you manage it? Daughter—Before going to bed I put two easy chairs together by the parlor fire, and I held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY GEORGE M'DONALD.

Alas how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long!
And there follows a mist or a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch in the summer's night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right
If the sigh and the kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray,
That is born in the light of the winter's day!

And things can never go badly wrong
If the love be true and the heart be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG.

The Hunchback's Patriotism and the Odd Result of It.

BY EDITH ALLANDALE.

Through the withered fields of grain rode the hunchback, Sandy Hartog, on his blind old buckskin, Nell. Rarely he descended from his mountain home; keenly alive to his deformity, he dreaded the rough good nature of Vaquero Water.

"Ain't been down lately," commented the "judge"—postmaster, notary, storekeeper, all in one—"not up to date on war matters?"

"War!" cried the hunchback. "Who with? What for?"

"Reckoned as much," returned the other, with a complacent chuckle. "Set right down in the store, Sandy, an' read yer papers. You'll find 'em real eye-openers. Hold on till the stage comes in an' get the latest news."

The hunchback hesitated, then turned and entered the darkening store. To his relief it was deserted by the usual frequenters; neither lazy Jim Green, the man in politics; nor Smouse, the socialist of the hills, was there. He strode to where the western light filtered through a dingy pane and there read on, absorbed, breathless. For him no waiting day by day for keen developments—relentlessly, from the sinking of the Maine to the call for volunteers, marched events to the inevitable end.

The evening loafers, unheeded, dropped in by twos and threes, lounged on the nail-kegs near the door, and waited their sole touch of contact with the outside world, the stage from Las Pelitas. Sprawling on the counter was the man in politics, a person of importance in the village. His voice, raised in lazy scorn, broke in upon the hunchback's reverie:

"Fight! Not if I know it! I've been waiting for ten years to get my hand into the county treasury. It's in now, and I don't take it out for no war."

Bursts of obsequious laughter followed. His hand in this same treasury was worth a dollar a day to many a hanger-on.

"Might as well go," said another voice. "Nothin' else to do—dry year, an' no thrashin'."

"No," Smouse shouted, turning his gaunt, unshaven face upon the speaker, "for there ain't nothin' in it! Look at me. I'm not goin' to be shot for $13 a month. I never worked for less than two an' a half a day. I'd rather starve on acorns first."

"Begun already, ain't you? Times pretty bad in the Brush Hills, eh?"

"I'd kinder like to go on," drawled Jim Green, the village Hercules, diverting attention from the angry Smouse, "but the folks won't let me. My member says I ain't big enough."

"For shame!" cried the hoarse voice of the hunchback; "for shame, to loaf at your mother's apron strings, when these"—he pointed to the papers strewn upon the floor—"when these call on you to fight."

"Fight?" echoed Jim, "what for? I ain't goin' to be shot for a lot of dirty Cubans. Worse 'n greasers, anyway."

"For your flag, for your country, right or wrong. If I had your strength, if I ——" He broke off with a muttered curse.

"Why don't you enlist, Humpy?" said the man in politics, with an airy wink at his constituents. "Quit chopping wood; you can't make nothin', now it's a dollar a cord an' board yourself. Never mind your shape, your arm's as strong as another's, an' you can holler 'Remember the Maine!' with the best of 'em. Here's the stage, boys. Quick!"

In the stampede which followed Sandy Hartog mounted Nell and rode homeward through the gathering dusk. On past the fields of dried-out grain, past the Brush Hills, laden with chemisal; through them and beyond, to where La Panza mountain soared upward to the eastern sky. Half-way up the precipitous slope perched the cabin on a knoll—a solitary spot, fit abode for a lonely, morbid man.

Not morbid now. The pent-up misery of childish years, the adventurous longings of his youth, the bitterness of a manhood forswearing woman's love or homely joys—all had vanished in the gathering dusk. At last he felt a man. Characteristic of a change in the dreamer, he fell to making plans, considering ways and means. Nell must go.

"I wouldn't sell you, old girl," he muttered, "not for a lapful of glittering gold twenties, but you can't go with me, and I couldn't turn you loose to starve. One shot and it's over. For our country and our flag."

He put his arm about her neck in mute farewell; a shot rang out upon the still night air; Nell's half-starved life was over. Unlocking the clumsy cabin door, glancing hastily around to see that all was well, he made for the farthest corner of the room, loosening a plank under which lay concealed the spare savings of years—enough, he quickly calculated, to take him from Las Pelitas to the recruiting station 200 miles away.

Closing the door behind him, Hartog stepped out into the fragrant night. He avoided Vaquero Water, plunged into the unfrequented by-paths of the brush, and, with the north star for his guide, struck into the country road, some six miles nearer Las Pelitas. All night he tramped; faint he felt and weary, when, toward dawn, the cool breeze stirred among the oak leaves. He still pushed on, resolutely turning away his thoughts from that clearing on the mountain, where Nell lay in the starlight, with her face turned toward the sky.

Next day he reached the goal; stammeringly, in short, broken sentences, he set forth his errand. Kindly they listened, viewed with compassion the misshapen body, the haggard face, the deep-set eyes, brilliant with a feverish light—kindly, still ignoring his deformity, refused him on the score of heart disease.

The hunchback thanked them, and, slowly turning, left the room. What now of the future? Return to Vaquero Water, be a butt for the clumsy wit of the village store, live without Nell? Never! One bright ray of hope had illumined his lonely life; to darkness he could no more return.

Near by an organ droned out patriotic airs; a heavy dray lurched in the roadway. He crossed the street abruptly, staggered, fell. Dimly he saw the crowd surge round him; his country's anthem sounded in his ear.

"Remember the Maine," he whispered, feebly, "the flag of our country—Nell."

And the stage bore the news to Vaquero Water.

"Whoever thought the fool would have done it?" irritably cried the man in politics. "He might have known we was only joshin' him."

"He was a fool," said Smouse; "$13 a month wa'n't worth it. Shot his horse, too."

But six-foot Jim slipped out into the darkness. "The hunchback was a man," he muttered, "and I—I am the fool. I'm going to the war!"—Argonaut.

Getting It Settled.

"By George, that was a savage fight! What was the trouble?" the Cleveland Leader quotes one of them as saying.

"Oh, it was about the war."

"Oh! One of them is a Spaniard, I suppose?"

"No; one of them claimed it was Sunday evening here when Dewey took Manila, and the other held that it wasn't done until Monday morning, our time."

"What blamed fools to fight over a thing of that kind. Which do you think was right?"

"I think it was Sunday evening. You see—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you are away off there. It was Saturday, our time. Now let me expla—"

"I've looked this matter up myself, and know just what I'm talking about. If you'll just give me a chance I can show you in a minute. Suppose that it was—"

"But I've looked it up, too, and I know that you're dead wrong about it. If it was—"

"Say, I want you to understand that I know just as much about these things as the next man. You may think you have a copyright on human knowledge, but there are a few others. Now, if you're not incapable of listening to argument, I can convince you in just half a minute that it was—"

"Oh, who cares for explanation? Let me tell you how it is. You see—"

"You're a blamed fool!"

"You're a—"

Bang! Thwack! Z-z-r-r-rip! !!!

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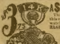

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MOURNING IN SUMMER.

Long and Heavy Veils and Dreary Crapes Are Tabooed by Hygiene and Fashion.

After wrestling long and hopefully with tradition, hygiene and good taste have brought fashion in mourning to a state where common sense and beauty unite to lessen the expenses of bad! their injury and suffering. Heavy crapes and veils are their bereavement a wife or mother is wearily in this summer time, when brighten into cheerfulness the heaviest black, merely by the amount of white was permitted under the suits of woe. A white muslin collar and cuffs, a white muslin fichu and falling veil and shirred white ruffs in the shoe gives even a widow's garb a pleasing background.

Taffeta silk, with what is called a dead finish, is the most modish fabric for a summer mourning dress. English crape has absolutely been banished to winter wear, and even then only the long face veil is worn only at a funeral. The crape bonnet veil also has been removed from the small black net margin that is sometimes edged with a hemstitch. A rather heavy veil was at one time the customary material for these little protectors, but with the coming of the warm weather no small veil at all is worn.

VEILS AND BONNETS.

Milliners have been trying the effect of a fancy crape veil, bordered by a double row of crape frills, and women whose hair cannot be coiled high on the head will find such a protector. As to the bonnet, it is worn for summer time black Brussels net in the thing. It is set to full clear to the face, then, rounded up on the sides and hatched in with English crape to form as being a narrow fold of crape inside of that.

The military crape extends to hats, and it is a popular fad to hug brass buttons from members of the crack companies. The buttons are fixed together with golden rings and are classed either with a triple array of buttons or with the crossed rifle worn by the regulars.

The Fans Suiting Butterfly Girl.

Bright and gaudy are the fans seen in the summer shops, and the colors are those usually noticed feathers. The summer butterfly of fashion is a very gay one, and it is testify that tight heartedly fills from flower to flower. The accordion pleat of the summer gown suggests it. The new buffon ruffle, with its wavering edge, is used while a real necessity is pretty enough to be worn without the slightest ornament, that garment the summer girl wears.

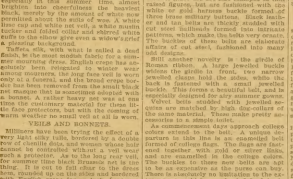
Their glaring colors and their clinging draperies that outline the sum-

mer girl's body give the present fashionable appearance to the flowing suggestion of the ingénues.

Gauzy Fabrics.

At this season there is nothing so attractive as the various gauzy fabrics. A chance to turn over the many wash fabrics that distinguish summer costumes and fabrics have been this season printed in the most delicate and yet pattern designs with hitherto characterized organdie muslins. Dimities, lawns and the sheer cotton fabrics are set on many colors and with taint pink grounds and make up pretty a small pattern of dots in a small way is a light wool and silk stuff with cream ground is designed by light shades of lavender, mauve and pink; another having a white ground is printed in the same colors.

Silks are also in the wrinkle world with the smooth and dull finish. Changeable striped material, with close silk stripes on a changeable ground, are shown in taffeta silk and thus, crepe and peau-de-the-de-soie. Satin duchesse and satin Rhadame are recommended in two crepe qualities. The buckles to these new belts are set in a manner similar to the dress of the front, appear to be all silk. Some, particularly those with bows, are imbedded in this direction. One belt, possessed by a



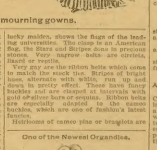
Smart summer mourning gowns.

Such a drapery is coat, light in weight and very handsome, and the bonnet to which these veils hang are tall, small and pretty shapes trimmed with crape. A change in custom has come about through the fashionable demand for the use of the popular unlimited women's wear of bonnets. A woman over eighteen now wears a bonnet and veil for a parent, or sister, or brother.

In case of the loss of a parent the crape bordered veil or net falls behind clear to the front hem of a dress or jacket and the veil is not crape bordered and hangs only from the back of the bonnet. Widows of all degrees of sorrow wear white caps, white rows, having blind wings or wired-out frames, crystalline and silver powdered with the new chatterlace patterns that are scarcely larger than medals. There is a tone of cheerful resignation about the white caps that is not found in the severer black, and so effective are they even eclipse the full-black crowning of silk and crape the widows has always adopted none white than ever in veiled eyes.

Silk gauze, a handsome material called unbleached black poplin, black nainsook and black linen are also in pretty favorites in the list of lawn dresses with white, run up and down in pretty effect. These have flower buckles and are shaped at intervals with gold or silver ornaments. Ribbon belts are especially adopted to the cameo buckles, and are made of white, black or fancy silk.

Heirlooms of cameo pins or brooches are



One of the Newest Organdies.

BELTS IN MANY STYLES.

They Come in College Colors and Divers Military Effects.

Belts of the season are decidedly novel. Some of them are such expensive affairs that only the wealthy can afford to be the reverse symbolically. Many of the more cheap ones console themselves with the reflection that elaborate gold cuffy belts are out of keeping with shirtwaists and simple summer frocks.

The leather belt is an absolute necessity. It is to be had in every device jewelled or even golore. Novelties in the leather goods line are the belts of Russia leather, with the silver initials of the Moscow lettering. These come in several shades of tan, and show a rather broad width of leather, and in lieu of the customary buckle. White belts are also seen and are shaped in the sashed figures, but are fashioned with metal buckles and are not to be compared with these loose military belts. Moire silk or net tan belts are thickly studded with cut steel initials and fancy metal shield patterns, which make the belts very smart. The daintiest of summer belts are those affairs of cut steel, fashioned into many

Roman ribbon. A large jewelled buckle of Roman design is set in two narrow jewelled clasps that hold the sides, while the back is composed of a small jewelled buckle. This forms a beautiful belt, and is also very designed by light silk ribbon belts. Other belts studded with jewelled ornaments are also in the shops, and are shown on the counters. Turned belts are also essentials in a simple outfit.

As commencement days approach collars of colors attend to the belt. A unique departure in this line is an elongated belt, plaid and thus, crepe and peacock—the decorating being gold and silver. Belts are also shown as are sashes has there been such a variety of styles and colors as at the present time. The fancy of the season is cold and there appear to be all silk. Some, particularly those with bows, are imbedded in this direction. One belt, possessed by a

Such a drapery is coat, light in weight and very handsome, and the bonnet to which these veils hang are tall, small and pretty shapes trimmed with crape. A change in custom has come about through the fashionable demand for the use of the popular unlimited women's wear of bonnets. A woman over eighteen now wears a bonnet and veil for a parent, or sister, or brother.

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Heirlooms of cameo pins or brooches are

One of the Newest Organdies.

Merino Ranch, Mitford Alberta.

Accelerated.

She sighed.

I had been waiting for the grand beauty to meet me, and I was waiting for her to do it when she let that telltale sigh escape her ruby lips.

"I must go," I said, with averted head.

"I suppose you must," she said.

I looked back toward the door, and—there was no one there.

"Good-by," I said, with those glorious, liquid eyes, I gazed.

"Must you go?" she whispered, and sighed again.

"Good-by," I cried and bolted through the doorway.

Then the people were laden with the pungent breath of early spring odors.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A representative of the Japanese government arrived at Seattle declares that his government is not opposed to the United States holding the Philippines and annexing Hawaii, and expresses himself strongly in favor of an alliance of his nation with the United States and Great Britain.

The women think men have nothing to do, and the men are dead certain the women haven't.

RIVAL FOES.

BY ROSALIE FELDSPAR JONES.

Ambition crept like a beast
Into the heart of Love's paradise;
Said it was a home for the great mast,
And set its plushes there.
Love pleaded with Ambition,
"Heed not Ambition's voice—
Come, like a child, to my arms for rest.
Dear heart, thou hate love your choice?
Ah, then I'll be gone."
Love left the heart of Ambition,
Ambition was—"Nevermore!"
Ambition dwelt in the heart alone.
All ye who scan these lines, I pray,
Remember and take heed:
Ambition pleases for a day—
But Love's for all time!

THE LUNCH SELLER.

How a Man Atoned for a Sin and Won Happiness.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

Dick Allerton was sitting on the smoker of a west-bound train, and was thinking. Having the whole length of the car to himself, he was comfortably against a pile of cushions and heavy overcoats. He was crudely walled up in one corner of the car, and the aerial undulations of the vast stretches of country that moved past him were lost on his mind. He was a self-contained man, with a square-cut face and a square-cut mouth, and his general appearance of resolution was firm, yet pleasing, and a certain look of experience on his face told that he had seen something of the world. Though still young, he was evidently a man of great resolution.

His clothes were gray suit, dark-blue shirt, and a handful of hair, and his pockets, very few would have surmised that his fortune amounted to less than a bank check for £2,000. But such was the case. He was returning from China, on which he had taken a train load of Australian wheat, and was now on his way to Australia, where he had a station of V-6 Ranch, a property which, owing to great management and industry, he had made him considerable money.

As he sat thinking, the unconcerned traveler—an occupation he had followed for the last three days—a fat, jolly-looking man, with a face that looked as though it had chanced to imbibe too much of the "cheer" and went west. Seven rolls of fat encircled his head from ear to ear, and he rubbed among his rough fellow passengers as though he were one of them. Dick looked at him in a lazy, half-interested way, and then turned his head to the window.

Within at first the society of cowboys seemed to suit him. Their rough manners and birds seemed a desirable and depressing change from the life he had left behind him in the old country. He soon attached to the life. He now preferred the society of the cowboys to that of the "upper ten" of twenty years ago, when men died only of broken hearts, when the women were shameless, and married their position to their lovers, and when the men were all "gentlemen" and "ladies."

On the opposite side of the smoker several men were playing cards. There was a game of ten-pound "pasting" at a flat bottle of whisky, and the men were playing cards. Occasionally the blue-caused train-hands would come in, and, after a drink, would join in the game, betting his wages. Now and then the conductor

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THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

It appears to be an established principle that Sunday is none too good a day for doing the necessary fighting of a righteous war.

Next week, "The Powder Mill Detective; or, a Million Dollar Case for the Government," by Ed Straper. It is a thrilling story of the present war with Spain.

Colonel Ed Hobson of Bowling Green, Kentucky, a cousin of the naval hero, was made a colonel for his coolness and courage at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, when he was not quite 20 years old.

A Maine ship yard will turn out the biggest five-masted schooner in the world this year. It will be 274 feet long on the keel, with a length over all of 325 feet. They do not stop business for war scares down in Maine.

A humorous San Juan newspaper has discovered that Sampson's bombardment of the fortifications there a few weeks ago was only a joke. There will probably be another bombardment there shortly which will be no joke.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey is going to give Emperor William of Germany ground in Jerusalem on which to erect a monastery. If then the emperor will retire to that monastery he will vindicate the sultan's good judgment in the choice of his gift.

The $250,000 which Spain spends in dues to get Camara's fleet through the Suez canal would be acceptable to some of the unpaid and starving Spanish soldiers in Cuba. It will hardly cost as much to get the fleet back, however, as there will be fewer vessels to account for.

It turns out that Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, was in his youth a baseball player, a swimmer, and a boxer. Now we know where he got his nerve. The knowledge will increase popular respect for athletic sports as a training for the heroic attributes and for the larger fields of duty.

There is a story going the rounds in England that when Gladstone once attended a service in a church in Scotland he was disgusted, during prayer, to hear the minister say: "We pray thee, Lord, to bless the prime minister of this great nation, who is now worshiping under this roof in the third pew from the pulpit."

The Mobile (Alabama) Register suggests that the south resume the celebration of the Fourth of July this year. This step if adopted generally would be another proof of a reunited nation, of which evidence has already been furnished in the enthusiasm with which the south has come up to the support of the government during the present war.

There is at present no admiral in the United States navy. The grade of admiral was created for Farragut, and porter was made vice admiral. Upon the death of the former the latter was promoted to admiral and Rowan became vice admiral. Congress refused to continue the grades, and permitted them to die with the heroes of the civil war. In the days of Paul Jones there were flag officers, and Paul Jones himself, although in command of a fleet, was only a flag captain.

We hear much talk about the "holy mission" of the American army in this war. We know of no holier mission for it than to plant the banner of freedom where hitherto the yellow-and-orange rag of Spain has floated. We know of no higher mission than that of replacing Spanish corruption with American laws, Spanish superstition with American civilization. For some score of years now we have been tearing down Spanish idols and preparing American mile-stones of progress on what was once Spanish territory. From the sandy islets south of the Florida peninsula, west and northwest to "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashing," the United States has built up a mighty empire where once floated the banner of Spain. Here, where we work today, once dozed the sluggish Spanish friars, waxing fat on the labor of ignorant Indians; they have disappeared, and thriving cities and towns manifest the benefits of American rule. We have built up a lusty American civilization on one decaying Spanish colony on this continent. Let us extend it to other Spanish colonies outside the continent. The generation which is passing away has builded strong and well on this old Spanish colony. Let the new generation have its task, and lay broad and deep the foundations of American civilization on the Spanish colonies which we are now conquering and are to conquer.

FOR LOVE OF BARBARA ALLEN

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCOFF

SYNOPSIS.

[Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised wife of a middle-aged physician and the friend of her father. While visiting her aunt, in company with her sister, Kitty, and Dick Moran, Kitty's lover, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. Dick tries to get Barbara to return home with him. Douglas resents his interference and a fight in which Dick is wounded by Douglas and the latter is thrown over the cliff to almost certain death. Then Barbara is taken home. Kitty resolves to save Dick, who is about to be arrested for the murder of Douglas. She gets the doctor, Barbara's old lover, to give him a drug which gives him the appearance of death and arranges to get him home in a trunk, the coffin supposed to contain his body being weighted with lead. Kitty and the doctor deceive everyone, and the coffin believed to contain the remains of Dick is buried. Dick is rescued from the burning house by Larry, with whom he divides the money left by Kitty. Larry discovers a guardian in Mr. Marribeau, a seemingly weak and decrepid old man, and all go south to the vicinity of Pinehurst, the home of the Douglas'. Barbara and Kitty go to Pinehurst with their aunt for a visit. John Douglas, who eloped with Barbara, is saved from death, and is found by an old doctor, a friend of the family, in a hospital. The doctor says he will take the news to Pinehurst. Barbara and Kitty arrive at Pinehurst, and Bonny and the boys buy a place near there. Barbara becomes acquainted with the Douglas family and Kitty. She tells Mr. Marribeau that she saw Kitty and he meets her. She recognizes him as Dick. Barbara conceives that the Jack Douglas whom she marries is the one who has a wife there. Dick and Kitty meet in the woods. Jack Douglas returns to Pinehurst, and meets Kitty, who decides not to tell Barbara.]

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE CHAPEL.

Mrs. Overton came quickly in, but it seemed to Kitty that she would never speak. What could she tell Barbara?

"It is terrible, children. The world is very full of trouble," she said sinking into a chair.

"Be careful, Aunty, do be careful! Kitty exclaimed, not daring to say more.

"He isn't dead, but he is very ill. I saw June. She is almost excited! She is actually moved, though it is a sight I never expected to see."

"You did not see Mr. Douglas?" Kitty asked.

"No. He is very ill. Dr. Barnes is here. He was passing from a visit to a patient who has just died. A stranger—I believe Betty is there, and I think it is that little girl who brought the lace, or one of her family, may be."

Kitty's face was white.

"What is the name?" she asked.

"Marribeau, I think it was. Really, with so much trouble in the house, I paid very little attention."

"A man, an old man?"

"Why, Kitty, what interests you so? Do you know the people?"

"I went to see the little lace girl, and I saw the old man. Is he dead?"

"Very likely. Betty will know. I think, girls, that we must go."

"Yes," Kitty said quickly, "we must go."

"And, Barbara, I shall take you away, at least until this poor man is well. I think you would be in the way."

To Mrs. Overton's surprise, Barbara agreed to this.

"Only, Aunty, I shall not come back. I do not want to live at Pinehurst."

Kitty leaned over and kissed her.

Mrs. Overton looked at Kitty with anxious eyes.

"Kitty, I think I shall have Dr. Barnes see you. You tremble as if you had an ague. I'll go at once and tell Mrs. Douglas that we must go. After all, I doubt the vaunted healing virtues of these waiting pines. I believe you have been growing worse. No, I can't let Barbara stay here."

Mrs. Overton left the room, and Kitty was slipping away to the cottage, when a loud cry from the lower hall stopped her.

"It's your aunt, honey, an' she's fell plum ter the bottom," Aunt Calidonia said, meeting Kitty.

They had taken the poor lady to her room, and after awhile Dr. Barnes came out to the girls who pale and frightened, were waiting for him.

"It's a badly sprained ankle and a few bruises; that may be all, and it may not be. But I did not think the hurt is very serious."

"And we were going away! Oh, sir, will it be long before Aunty can travel?"

Kitty's eyes were dark and miserable as she looked into the kind old face.

"And were you so anxious to leave us? I'm sory that only a misfortune could keep you."

"It is not that. Mr. Douglas is ill, and—"

"I see. You will have plenty of help, for there are several good nurses among the servants, only just now there is a good deal to do. Lenore has caved under, and Jack is a sick man. So I shall have to depend upon you girls to look after your aunt a good deal. She will get on nicely, because she is healthy and strong."

"Doctor," Kitty said in a low voice, "have you been to—Mr. Marribeau's cottage?"

"Yes."

"And is—he dead?"

Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"No, it is the Hoofnoggle girl. Why, are you going to faint? I have patients enough at Pinehurst!"

"No; I am better. I have been so frightened."

"Do you know the old man?"

"I—have seen him—the little girl was here."

"Queer old fellow, I guess. The poor girl who died came here hoping to get well. Alas! there is in all this earth of ours no hiding place—"

"Oh, sir, what do you mean—what is it that you are going to say?"

"Why, my dear young lady, what ails you? I was only about to remark that that there is no hiding place from death. You are more unnerved than I thought."

"I am stronger now. Tell me what you want me to do."

The doctor gave his directions, and went away wondering at her strange words and excited manner. What if the old man had been dead, surely sympathy for the little girl could not account for Kitty's terror.

And then the doctor fell to thinking of the old man's curious reluctance to being seen, even under such circumstances as he had found at the cottage.

"Perhaps the old man is sick," he thought, "but in that case why doesn't he let me go up?"

Certain it was that Mr. Marribeau was seen by none of the country people who attended poor Maria's funeral.

It was all over, and the little household at the cottage had settled as much as was possible into the old ways, when Kitty once again found time to go to see Dick.

She was sorely tempted to tell him that John Douglas was not dead, but if she did this he would not see the necessity of hiding any longer, and an explanation would have to be made to Barbara; and of all things this must be avoided.

Barbara must not know. Kitty knew the wonderful power that John Douglas exercised over her sister, and she believed that ignorance was Barbara's only safety.

She had promised to take care of Barbara, at any cost to herself. Dennis would never forgive her if she failed now the test had come.

She was walking quickly along, her eyes almost blinded by hot tears when suddenly a woman stood before her.

"Shall I tell your fortune, little lady?" she asked.

The woman was not very old, but she was queerly dressed, and her dark face wore a troubled, anxious look.

Kitty drew back quickly.

"No, ah, no!"

The woman looked earnestly into the girl's frightened face.

"Are you the daughter of the great house there?"

"No, I am only a guest."

"There is a daughter?"

"Yes."

Kitty tried to go on.

"And there is a wife?"

"Mrs. Douglas is mistress there. I think you can find out what you want to know by going there."

Then she passed on quickly.

From a crevice in the wall of his attic Dick saw her coming, and, bundling himself up in case he met Mrs. Hoofnoggle, he went out to meet her.

"I thought you were never coming, Kitty. Every hour, almost, I have been watching. You see, dear, the second state of this man is worst than the first. I am consumed with fear of Mrs. Hoofnoggle. She isn't into the secret, and now that my disguise is gone, she is likely to suspect something wrong, of course, and report me to these people. I am in no end of a hole this time, Kitty."

"Can't you get some more whiskers?"

Her room was the last one occupied on the corridor that led to a dark little passage shut off from the corridor by a door, and at the end of which was a second door leading into the organ loft of the chapel.

She spent only a few moments in her room, and when she left it she met Colonel Douglas in the corridor. He stopped her to inquire for her aunt. The light was dim, but she saw that his face looked and his manner was not quite natural!

"I am just going to her—I have been out," the girl stammered.

"You look, my dear young lady, as if you had seen a ghost," he said. "There are plenty, they say, in this old house. But you will not let them frighten you?"

"I am afraid that I should not be very brave, Colonel Douglas."

"Then I would advise you to be careful where you go!"

She looked up quickly, but he laughed and passed on.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BOY AT THE CABIN.

The young people at the overseer's cabin were really very much grieved at the death of the housekeeper's daughter. Bonny wept at the thought of Patty's grief, for how could the faithful child know that Patty, like most other men under similar circumstances, would forget the girl who had loved him so well and want a younger and fairer bride when he should be free to take one?

Miss Betty and a few of the poorer neighbors had come to the funeral. Except for negroes, the country was not thickly settled between the great plantations. So it was not a large funeral, and the people who were used to seeing even colored servants treated with consideration, wondered at Mr. Marribeau's indifference. In vain his illness was explained. Nothing that was not very serious should have prevented his coming down. How much the curiosity of the people had to do with this, the uneasy children did not suspect.

But Miss Betty became interested in the young people, and determined to see more of them; and the doctor, with the privilege of an old friend, dropped in as often as he could. He brought Bonny some better reading than Mrs. Hoofnoggle's well thumbed novels, and, discovering Larry's ambition, he brought some queer old copies of Shakespeare and other plays.

But as often as he came he never saw Mr. Marribeau, and although curiosity was not one of the little man's weaknesses, he began to be conscious of a strong desire to see this recluse.

The doctor felt that something was wrong, but he was too simple-minded to go about the business of finding out what it was, and too honest to take advantage of the young people.

Dick understood from this many things the boys told him, and realized that he must be going. The longer he stayed the harder it would be to get away.

It was Colonel Allen.

Kitty asked, her voice very tender with the pity she felt.

"They don't grow on blackberry bushes, dear. We have sent for some, but that isn't having them, you know."

"And you are actually in danger now?"

"I guess that's it."

"Then you must go away. I beg you go at once."

"Come with me, Kitty."

How she longed to.

If only she dared leave Barbara.

"I can't, Dick, but you must go. People already notice your seclusion. It was a mistake to come to the country, where every man stands out distinctly from the others. Go to a city, Dick, and you will be safe."

"Kitty, don't you send me away alone. Come with me. Surely I who am utterly friendless need you."

"Dick, you will break my heart! Don't you know that to go with you would be heaven to me? But I cannot. You do not understand. I promised Dennis, and I owe everything to him."

"You exaggerate all that. Dennis would not have your sacrifice yourself to him."

"But I would do it."

"See here, Kitty, I admire all that Platonic friendship, that deep gratitude mightily in the old days, but you are carrying it too far. What has Dennis done—"

"What? O, Dick, can you ask? Who cheered my mother's last moments? Who took me, a little child, into such wonderful love and care? Have you forgotten?"

"And did your mother die?"

"Of course she did."

Dick looked at the sorrowful little face and felt like strangling himself.

"I will go, Kitty, and I will try to be patient."

"O, Dick, how sorry for you I am! Will you be thinking all the time that I love you and that I would rather be with you in the poorest hovel than on a queen's throne?"

"Not if you might divide the throne with me." Dick said trying to bring a smile to her face.

"I'd give it all to you, dear, every inch of it, and—"

"Forgive me, Kitty. I have been selfish. There never was a sweetheart like you. I will go; and may I write to you?"

Kitty thought writing allowable, and after a while she went back to Pinehurst. It was almost dark now, and, remembering the woman who had spoken to her, she felt afraid and hurried on.

She went in at the little gate she had found at the back of the chapel, and walked swiftly under the magnolias. To her surprise the chapel door was open, and, knowing that this part of the house was rarely opened, and being curious to see inside the place, she stopped and looked in.

A lantern stood on the floor, and from it a dim light shone. As she stood there, bending curiously forward, she distinctly saw a man, bearing in his arms the limp form of a woman, going up the choir stairs. She saw in the faint light the woman's long black hair falling over the man's shoulder, and the lifeless arms hanging down.

With a cry which she could not repress, she was about to enter when the man turned and she saw his white face. It was Colonel!

She ran in, heedlessly overturning the lantern. Against she thought of the woman and felt afraid. Gaining the door she ran to the first entrance, and on to her room.

It was a great comfort to him to talk it all over to Bonny who was always sympathetic, and never curious to know more.

"It is such a pity that you have to hide about like this, but maybe something will happen so it won't be for long," she said smiling brightly as she sat with him in the attic.

"It will be for always, Bonny," he said sadly.

"That's a long, long time, and I don't believe it! In the books I've read something always happens just at the last, and all the good people are happy ever after. The reason that isn't at the first of the book is because there wouldn't be anything more to write about. I think it will be so with you."

Dick felt almost hopeful as he looked at her bright little face. The sunshine came in long yellow shafts through the nail holes and cracks in the roof and fell upon her shining black hair.

"We can't see far ahead, but, Bonny, whatever comes to me, I shall never forget my faithful friend. I hope you and the the boys will never be sorry for helping me. I must go away now, so that no trouble may come to you through me."

"Go away? O, Mr. Marribeau, who will take care of you? Don't go!"

She cried a little, and Dick tried his hand as comforter.

The doctor had found out from his talk to Bonny that Larry was "not quite" her brother, as she quaintly put it, and that his name was Spanolla.

The doctor thought he had heard the name, but he could not think where. He was thinking of it as he patiently counted Mrs. Overton's pulse, and Kitty's peculiar manner on the first day of her aunt's illness come to him. Maybe she was interested in the boy.

"Miss Kitty, do you know any one named Spanolla?" he asked.

"I do not," she answer, looking at him with cool, calm eyes.

"The boy at the cabin—the tall, handsome one—is not a brother to the others, and his name is Spanolla."

"I have noticed him. His face is beautiful, and there is a singular grace about him. Now that you speak of it, I noticed a resemblance to some one I had seen, but thought nothing of it. His name I did not hear."

"You are sure you never saw him before he came here?"

Kitty's face suddenly paled, and she pressed her hands together.

"Where else could I have seen him?" she said.

"By the merest chance I saw the boy in Washington; I thought that you might have done so."

"I do not know him," Kitty stammered. The memory of that night when she had carried the money to Dick sickened her very soul.

(To be continued next week.)

A New Detective Story.

Next week a thrilling detective story by a celebrated author will be begun. The story is full of action, and records the adventures of a Washington detective who rounded up the traitors who were plotting to blow up one of our largest powder mills and deliver some of the munitions of war to the Spaniards. It is a great story. Do not miss the opening chapters.

The first electric light was produced by Sir Humphry Davy in 1808.

PATRIOTISM AT SQUAWVILLE.

Times is mighty dull at Squawville, an' we've nothin' else to do,
Fur to serve as daily pastime and to keep from gittin' blue,
But to loaf around the gin mill an' discuss the latest news,
An' absorb the fiery substance known to scientists as booze.
A discussin' of the rumpus with the Spaniards, pro and con,
Has become the leadin' feature; we begin the gab at dawn
When we sip our mornin' bracer, an' we talk about the fight
Till we go a whoopin' homeward quite however-come-you-so at night.

There's a dif'rence of opinion as to how the powers that are
Back at Washington assembled should perceed to run the war;
But upon the vital question that ol' Cuba should be free
As a comprehensive unit we unanimous agree.
As the news kep' gittin' hotter all our patr'otism riz,
In a figgerative manner, till you 'most could hear it sizz,
An' at frequent intermissions while a chawin' of the rag,
We would cheer for Uncle Samuel an' the country an' the flag.

Never had a bit o' trouble on the argumentive deal
Till ol' Poker Billy Davis made a quite disloyal squeal
By a sayin' that he soldiered for the cause that's vanished hence,
An' he's never liked a Yankee wuth a continental sence.
He had hit the bowl that mornin' in a too extensive way,
Which undoubtedly accounted fur his wild an' fatal play,
Fur his craziness resulted in the diggin' of a hole,
An' a mortuary drama; William in the leadin' role.

We jes' grabbed the boozy blower, an' we run him to the bar,
An' we made him drink a swaller to each indiviju'l star
On the flag he had insulted, till we filled him to the throat,
An' till every vital organ in his system was afloat.
Sich a load o' liquid pizen would have killed an army mule,
Which was what the stuff accomplished fur the Yankee-hatin' fool,
An' the only one that mourned him was ol' Crazy Jane McGill,
Her that runs the boardin' shanty, whom the same he owed a bill.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

A Sacrifice That Cost Both Money and Honor and Yet Was Prized.

BY GRACE SHOUP.

The Major had received Colonel Beaufort's telegram, and had come over from Chicago to meet him at D——. D—— is on the Mississippi river, and the Colonel had come down from St. Paul, with his bride, on the steamer Mary Morton.

"Been married three weeks," the Major soliloquized; "met her at the lakes. I wonder what she's like."

"Really," thought the Major, as he stood in the lobby of the Hotel Jean Francois, "quite metropolitan."

A man touched him on the arm.

"Major," he said.

The Major looked at him coldly. He knew the man, and he had small liking for detectives. But the Major would have been courteous to a roustabout.

"Well, Simpson," said he, "I didn't expect to find you here. What can I do for you? I am in a hurry to see the Colonel."

"Exactly," said the man, "so am I. But we'd better see each other first. The Colonel's in trouble."

He led the way into a small room opening off the hall and settled himself comfortably.

"We can talk here and no one will disturb us."

"The Colonel's in big trouble, but he doesn't know it yet. The chief doesn't know it. I'm the only one that's onto her yet, and if she wasn't big game I wouldn't be here."

"For heaven's sake, man, what are you talking about?"

"The Colonel's wife."

"What about her?"

"Seen her yet?"

"No."

"She's a stunner. It's this way. She's Lillie Manderson. We have her photograph in Chicago. It isn't the first time she has tried this game. She stays three weeks or a month, and then she's off with all the money and jewels she can lay her hands on. The Colonel married her all right enough, but she's no more his wife—she's been married before."

The Major groaned. He didn't doubt Simpson. Such things were his business, and he supposed he knew. But his friend Colonel—and the Major groaned again.

"See here, Simpson, what do you propose to do?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about. It's a big thing for the agency if we capture her, and it means promotion to me. But it'll be the biggest scandal of the season. Be in all the papers and the Colonel will never hear the end of it. Now, I thought, if we could make arrangements, and let her get away quietly——"

"Thank God! Yes!"

"You could see the Colonel, you know."

"But the Colonel mustn't know anything about it."

"Mustn't, eh? You bet he must. He's got to pay me to let her go."

The Major sat aghast. But the detective was talking again: "This thing has got to be done in a hurry, too. The madam's getting ready to give him the slip, if I know the signs. And then I'll have to arrest her, and murder'll be out."

Simpson had risen and was standing looking down at him triumphantly, his hands in his pockets. If he could only buy Simpson off. But he couldn't. He had been struggling with adverse fortune ever since the war had left him a poor man.

At last, a relative left him some lots in a western town; he had judiciously sold on a rising market, and the $10,000 he had received was now in a Chicago bank. He had a profitable investment in view for it, and was only waiting to see the man with whom he contemplated making a deal that he believed would set him on the high road to fortune. For the last few years he had been struggling along as a commission agent; his integrity and good judgment were coming to be known and trusted; and his prospects were brightening.

He had come over to see the Colonel about some investments he had been managing for him. They had certainly been paying well, and the Major had not been ashamed of the report he had to make to the Colonel.

But now—the leer on Simpson's face seemed hideous as the man looked down at him. What could he do?

The detective spoke: "Well," said he, "will you speak to him, or shall I? I'll give you five minutes to decide."

He took out his watch. The Major sat with bowed head. Should he do it? No, such a blow would fall better with no friendly eye to see. At any rate, he could not do it.

Simpson snapped his watch. "Well?" he asked.

"I cannot do it."

"Very well; I've waited too long already."

The Major helplessly followed him.

"Show us to Colonel Beaufort's room," said Simpson.

Up the elevator they went and down a corridor with a window commanding the river.

"There's his room."

As the Major looked at it the door flew open, and the Colonel flew out with a face of terror.

"Help! help!—a doctor, quick!" he gasped. The Major caught his arm as he reeled.

"What is it, old friend?"

"Oh, I didn't know you, Major. My wife, she is—she has fainted."

They hurried into the room; there, on a couch, lay a woman whose face the Major never forgot. But how white it was, and how fixed! The detective stepped over to her side, and spoke the doubts of both, brutally, as was his way.

"She's not fainted; she's dead."

"My God!" groaned the Colonel; "the best wife man ever had."

He threw himself on his knees beside the couch.

"Oh, my love, my darling, my white star," clasping the firm, beautiful hands, half lifting her in his arms, frantically imploring her, by every tender and impassioned name, to look at him once more, not to leave him—without one word, one look.

The hastily summoned physician came into the room. His examination was brief, his verdict decisive.

"There is nothing I can do. She is dead."

The Major tenderly drew his friend away, and the Colonel sank into a chair, a crushed and broken man.

Simpson stood looking at him speculatively, and then advanced toward him. What he would have done will never be known, for the Major seized him by the arm.

"Come away, Simpson; I'll send some women up, Colonel, and be back myself."

Down stairs, that long afternoon, the Major was haunted by that white face lying so quietly in the room above him. So grand a face was it, and so noble. Could this be the dwelling of a crime-haunted soul? One that for gold had been willing to wreck men, through what might have been the noblest and best of their lives—their love and reverence of women. Perhaps in the first place she had been duped and led astray by one whom she had loved and trusted, and finding every man's hand against her, had turned her hand against man. She had gathered the fruits of success and found them dead sea apples. Alone and unaided she had found her way to that bad eminence—to have her portrait in the rogues' gallery of two continents.

She had died of heart disease. The Major always believed that remorse had killed her. Could any woman have lived day after day under the Colonel's courteous ministrations, protected and guarded by his chivalry, and not have loved him? The Major thought not—certainly not that woman upstairs, who must have had a soul somewhere behind her white face, crowned by its piles of yellow hair.

But had her face always been so white? It must have been, these last few days, as the end drew near. Truly, the reward of iniquity is bitter, and the wages of sin are death. Knowing how terrible the scandal would be to this man who thought himself her husband, perhaps it had seemed to this woman a blessed fate to stay with him all the years of his life and make him happy. But her past pursued her. The hounds of the law were on her track. If she did not leave the Colonel he would have the agony of seeing his wife tried in the police courts and proven guilty of sins too base to name. But she lingered too long, knowing that she must go, packing the Colonel's jewels to take with her, and yet lingering, and the struggle had broken her heart.

As the Major left the room he found Simpson standing in the hall.

"What, Simpson, not gone yet?"

"No, and I'm not going yet, either."

"But what can you do now? The woman's dead."

"The woman is dead, but I can prove just as much about her, and the scandal for the Colonel will be just as great. I'm going in to see him now."

"Not while I am here."

"See here, Major, you're making a fool of yourself; you ought to be thankful he's getting off so easy. Twenty thousand dollars or so, and I'm gone."

The Major was alone. No one ever knew the anguish of that half-hour. Twenty thousand dollars, twice all the money he had in the world! And the Colonel so rich. Why he had $50,000 of his with him himself—the result of those lucky speculations he had been managing for his friend. He had thought the Colonel would be so pleased. Twenty thousand dollars—why the Colonel would willingly give the whole sixty to be spared the awful news.

Twenty thousand dollars—he could raise half the money. But the other half—suppose he took it from the Colonel's money; no one would ever know, and the Colonel would think $50,000 was big profit. But that would not be honest, and the Major had always been so scrupulously honest, too much so for his own good, people said. He could not do it, yet was it not the better way? And in that half-hour the Major decided to commit theft.

Simpson was paid, half in the Colonel's money and half in the Major's. The Major tried to console himself by remembering that he had given all he had in the world to help the Colonel. But the iron had entered too deeply into his soul, and though he had sinned to save his friend, yet to him it was a sin almost unpardonable, and the Major found it hard to face the world again with the weight of it on his soul.

* * * * * * * *

In the beautiful cemetery at D—— there is a grave which visitors are always taken to see—whose monument is a portrait statue of a graceful and stately woman. Many a stranger's eyes fill with tears as he reads the words that tell of the bride's untimely death and the brief felicity of those three weeks of married life. The unstained name of the Beauforts is carved above the adventuress' dust, and thither come often men, strangely aged and broken in a few months—and the sympathetic friend seems even more shaken and bowed by the tragedy than the heart-stricken mourner.

"What a thing it is to have a true friend!" Colonel Beaufort reflects; "the Major feels my loss for me almost as keenly as I do for myself. Poor, dear fellow! It's too bad he lost his money. Strange how some people never have the judgment for their own affairs that they have for others'! I wish he would let me make up to him—$10,000 wouldn't be much for me to give a friend—but he never will."

And when the Colonel tells the story of his loss, as he sometimes does to a few intimate friends, he never fails to add:

"And I shall never forget how kind the Major was!"

But he will never know how much he owes him!

Why He Objected.

Doctor—I wish you would tell those deaf mutes to stop talking; the noise disturbs me.

Attendant—Why, how can they make a noise when they talk with their fingers?

Doctor—Don't actions speak louder than words?

Drunkenness is a Disease.

I will send free book of particulars: How to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Dr. J. W. Haines, 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The title of "majesty" was first given to Louis XI. of France. Before that time sovereigns were usually styled "highness."

THE VAMPIRE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

A fool was there and he made his prayer,
(Even as you and I).
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the years we waste, and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was, and his goods he spent,
(Even as you and I),
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);
But a fool might follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belonged to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide,
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried),
So some of him lived, but the most of him died
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why),
And never could understand.

PATENT REMINDERS.

Some Funny Things Which Inventors Have Made.

Psychologists assert that civilized human beings are growing more absent-minded. The average man of intelligence today is not alert, not so conscious of his immediate environments, as he was a century ago. He does more thinking than he did then, and a greater part of his business in life is left to the purely mechanical brain functions.

The inventors, always a step ahead of the requirements of the times, are already at work devising contrivances to summon absent attention. One of the latest of these is a bracelet that has an alarm watch attached to it. The wearer, having an engagement at a certain hour, sets the watch, and when the time arrives a little needle point pricks her arm and reminds her of the duty.

Hayseed visitors in the city will insist on blowing out the gas notwithstanding all the the newspaper jokes on the subject. To provide against such accidents, a citizen of Ashland, Wisconsin, has invented a little apparatus that is intended to be attached to every gas fixture in a hotel. The breath of a person who attempts to blow out the gas tilts a delicately balanced electrode and closes a circuit, giving an alarm in the office. Another kind of alarm, patented by a Chicago man, notifies the householder of escaping gas. If you are afraid of pickpockets, you can obtain protection by wearing a small machine that makes a big disturbance in case anybody tries to put his hand into your pocket.

There are quite a number of inventions for lighting the fire in the morning without getting out of bed. They are all operated by clockwork. The best of them is credited to an Illinois genius. A clock is set for a certain time, and when the proper minute is reached the mechanism "throws" a lever, which draws a match across a piece of sandpaper and ignites the kindling. One of the latest patents is for a street lamp which has a clockwork apparatus attached to it. At the correct moment for which the machine is set it closes an electric circuit, at the same time opening the gas pipe. Immediately the gas is ignited, and it burns until shut off by the clockwork at daybreak in the morning. In this way the street lamps all over a city may be made to light themselves simultaneously without the intervention of human hands.

A citizen of Austin is the author of a sort of water clock that is wound by rain. On the roof of a house is a trough that catches the rainwater, which flows into the tank. When the tank is filled to a certain point, it empties the water into a bucket which is connected by a cord with the winding drum of an ordinary clock. The bucket falls and by its weight pulls up the clock weight, thus winding the clock. Finally the bucket reaches the floor, when a valve in its bottom opens and the water runs out. Then it ascends and resumes it original position, so as to be ready to wind the clock up again after awhile.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Rural—I should like to get a bicycle.

Dealer—Diamond or drop frame?

Mrs. Rural—Drop, of course. It's for my husband, and he wouldn't care for anything so expensive as a diamond frame.—Facts.

Tibbs—Jimpson says it was so cold when he was out sleighing the other day that the reins froze stiff. Tobbs—Hard lines.—New York Press.

50c. For A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION To BOYCE'S MONTHLY AND THIS BEAUTIFUL STUDDED GIRDLE

The most popular of all premiums is the new ladies girdle as shown above. It is made in links so as to be readily adjusted to any size waist. The girdle is roman gold color, satin finish; each link has a beautiful amethyst stone in the center. The clasp in front has an amethyst solitaire. No girdle on the market is more beautiful. You will say it is worth $3.00 when you see it. We defy you to purchase a girdle as durable, fashionable, or as pretty as ours for less than $1.75 to $2.00. Our great business is built up by giving good values. Our subscribers tell their friends about BOYCE'S MONTHLY and thus we are well advertised. You may readily believe that we lose money when we give you this girdle and a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY for 50 cents; but you can see that if we can hold you for several years as a subscriber and by pleasing you get you to tell your friends about our magazine, that we will be paid for our trouble. Simply send us 50 cents and the girdle will be sent postpaid.

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BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

On the elm branch gaily swinging
Where the tender young leaves rest,
Hung a Golden Robin singing:
"Pretty girl,
Pretty, pretty, pretty girl."

All day on the branch above me
While the purple heavens smiled,
He to sinking: "Dost thou love me,
Pretty girl,
Pretty, pretty, pretty girl?"

They to hear his tawny mate's answer
Through the lodge that opened wide.
"Catch me, catch me, if you can, sir,
I am fly, though I am plain."

But he cares not as he sings there
Did the springtime's rush and whirl
Still his blithesome elfage and shape there,
"Pretty girl,
Pretty, pretty, pretty girl."

THE TWO MADOLINS;
OR,
A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY.

By WARD MCGEETON.

Author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

[Violet accepted an evening's proposal of Hector Lennox, and Cecil Lawson, who proves to be a detective and sends her a note demanding an immediate interview. At this interview he threatens to divulge her secret to Colonel Brandt, and finally, in a rage, decides to murder her. Violet escapes back Jack, and takes her maid, Adele, her confidante, with her to the home of Mrs. Hardcastle, where she is to be married. Her father discovers she is not at home. He sends one to Cliff College, where Violet is said to be, and tells the real Madolin that she must go. In the meantime Violet has married Hector. Violet's father goes to Europe, and Harold discovers Madolin instead of the young tutor at the college. She refuses to speak. Colonel Brandt discovers that Violet is not the daughter he thought her to be, and orders her to leave his house. Violet, with the accident and Violet arranges to send Madolin away. Violet's husband, Harry Gerald is a wreck, and Lawson witnesses the interview. Violet, in a fit of anger, with the accident and Violet believes Lawson has killed her husband. She goes to where the real one lives. Violet sends for her maid Madolin to an insane asylum. She escapes and becomes nurse to Gerald's father.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LOST HOUR.

It was some time before Madolin showed signs of returning consciousness. She had changed her face and temples freely with her water.

But as fast her eyes unclosed. With a sigh of despair she shut up again, murmuring in a low voice:

"He loves me still! I heard him say so. Thank God, he does love me! And he has feared, like one in distress.

Mr. Hardcastle started violently, flinging a glass of wine from the table, he held it to her lips, and she drank it. He was relieved by finding that Adele had ceased this to refrain from summoning assistance.

Madolin drank mechanically. Then, her glance fell upon the man's anxious face, she suddenly remembered all that had occurred.

Starting to the nearest chair, she sank down upon it, pressing piteously and clutching her hands.

Damon Hardcastle gazed at the agitated moments with a strange expression before he spoke.

"What is it? I can't bear to see you suffer so, Madolin. Is there anything I can do?"

His manner was kind, but Madolin shrank from him with a cry of despair and bowed her head upon her hands.

"Oh, if you only won't talk to me now."

"But I want to help you."

"No one can do that but like a visitor. For a long time she sat silent.

Mr. Hardcastle's face grew very frightfully convulsed—like that of a man possessed by some very violent emotion at last.

"Tell me everything," he said hoarsely, at last. "You may as well. It will be best to keep back the truth. I had suspected it from the beginning."

Madolin looked up, startled, and pushed her head and fixing her wild eyes upon him.

There was no response.

"You were afraid to meet him. You fainted while he was in the room. For the mere mention of his name drove the blood from your face. He came to see you. He was the one brother that his promised bride."

Madolin sat clasping and unclasping her trembling hands.

"Miss Bliss, you make no denial."

"Don't call me that name. I have no right to it."

"What is your name?"

"The same which I have been known as Violet Wayne."

He looked at her with deepening bewilderment.

"How strangely you talk. What do you mean by saying you have been known by that name. Then who, in heaven's name, are you?"

"You are you, then?"

"Oh, if you take any step questioning me," she cried, her breath coming in broken gasps.

A remote expectation hardened about Mr. Hardcastle's mouth.

"I shall come where I know you are. I shall come where I know the first that you have ever had you wished to speak to. I have not long been dependent on your own conscience, high at the beginning. Tell me under what circumstances you and Gerald first met, and why you parted."

Her persistence, even threats, failed to bring a word from the girl.

Rage at last overcame his self-control. He sank down upon a chair, and, leaning heavily upon the table, he struck his clenched hands upon it.

Mr. Hardcastle's patience became exhausted. He struck the hot hand upon the table.

"Tell your young master that I must see him at once," he said to the servant who answered.

The man arose, and her dry lips moved, but the words were inaudible to Madolin.

At the sound of approaching footsteps she put both hands before her face, and began trembling violently.

The servant entered alone.

"Master Gerald is already gone, sir."

Mr. Hardcastle gave an order that Lawson should have saddle the swiftest horse in the stable. It would soon be time for the servant left.

Rising, he paced the floor with hurried, nervous strides, waiting another half hour before he returned.

Finally he came to a pause before the startled Madolin, set up the library clock, and, dashing down the key, called to Mike—Jack's groom—and bade Lyndhurst before the servant left.

Madolin listened toward him.

"Oh, do you not see enough to undertake the journey."

"I'll go—I'll go, sir," he said between bite teeth.

"You must not! Oh, sir, I implore you!"

With a half-furious gesture he turned her clinging hands.

"I am resolved to know the truth. Since you refuse to make any disclosure I must learn it in other ways. I am sorry to be compelled to do so, but I'm saving for myself and my son. I have tarnished, still, the happiness of my only son to devote to me than you have supposed. And you have cause with my honor for your unwelcome and gentlemen. We three must come to a better understanding before this irreconcilable step is taken."

Madolin realized that all retention would be impossible.

At what could to replace for? An explanation was inevitable. My her presence she might save Violet from full exposure and shame.

Without another word she prepared herself for the journey, followed Mr. Hardcastle down in the waiting carriage.

She looked at her more in pity and tenderness than in anger as she took the vacant seat beside her.

It was hard to believe her false to Lyndhurst. With nervous trepidation she had not ventured to look at her lover. His self-possessed, stinging rebuke that the cup of misery was full.

Her gown, a creamy satin, was a marvel of delicate embroidery and lace. It was the bridal robe for her father, and she turned from the satin in disgust.

"I look like a ghost, Adele, this will never do."

The maid brought a tray of cosmetic and, with a few touches, restored the color somewhat to the pale cheeks.

"Now, my dear," she said, kindly, "you look more like yourself. Don't you think Gerald Heathcote's wife?"

"Oh, no, no!" with a shriek of terror.

"What can happen now? Miss Madolin is married to Mr. Lyndhurst. She is his wife, I suppose."

"Do not breathe his name!" Violet fairly shrieked, pressing her hands to her ears.

"How dare you? You make my flesh creep and crawl."

Adele lifted her shapely shoulders. She had not been prepared for her mistress' hysterical moods, when terror and remorse were combined. She was not sorry to see the last of them.

At last word came from below that all was in readiness.

Violet gave a final glance at the beautiful reflection in the mirror. The flash of the diamonds that encircled her snowy throat half-blinded her.

"The sapphire will soon be over she soliloquized, with a bitter sigh.

Lawson laughed bitterly. He had overheard the remark.

Violet swept forward, a radiant vision, and Adele followed. Lawson, his arm, as also a swift glance into his face.

"Is it necessary?" he asked, repelling expression caused her to bite her lips until the blood came.

"Yes, it is necessary," she said, bitterly. "I assure that Madolin should go with us. Where she is to go I do not remember abroad; but she may live and die in the convent for all I care. She will never cross his path again."

Adele had not heard what awaited Madolin, and looked startled.

A very quiet ceremony had been planned for the bridal party, and there were present no witnesses. Everybody wished it so.

All were ready for the carriage drawing room when the bridal couple entered.

Violet's face was very pale.

Only a few words had been uttered the sound of a carriage driving up to the door. Violet caused all present to start and become lively in that direction.

A tall gentleman appeared in the open doorway. His eyes gleaming out of his dark, handsome face, he looked about him for a moment, then strode forward and fixed on the bride-elect.

"I forbid this ceremony!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE GAME ENDED.

Violet stood as if turned to stone, staring at the intruder with a look of utter dismay.

Gerald dropped her arm and stepped forward, his face pale with anger. Behind him was Jack Lawson. His strongest feeling was one of astonishment.

"Why this intrusion?" he demanded, sternly. "Who are you, sir, and what is the meaning of your words?"

The answer came in organized voice that Violet had never heard. Only the grave left self.

"I am that woman's husband!"

As he drew nearer Violet's surging emotions found vent in a piercing shriek. Springing from side to side like a hunted animal, she looked wildly about her for some way of escape. Finding none, she sank, exhausted and terror breathing from her lips.

"Oh, my God, my God! I shall be undone. You come back to haunt me!"

Adele was at her side, and tried to the floor and her perfidy still.

Gerald Heathcote looked as though a thunderbolt had descended upon his head.

"It's a lie," he fairly shouted.

Jack stood slowly and blood beside the mountain figure. There was a strange despair in his face, but no surprise.

It is true," he said, calmly. "Violet will confirm it. She is the wife of Harry Gerald. However, I will do for the present what she thought me dead. Question her, if you disbelieve my story. She is in a condition unwilling to her sense."

Gerald gave a gesture of terror—as a shudder ran all through Violet's frame.

"Is it true?" he asked, in a voice that was scarcely recognized. "Is this guilty woman?"

It was Adele who best over her with endearing words, while the former flung the floor.

Jack's eyes blazed, with malignant triumph. He turned mockingly to Colonel Brandt.

"I owe me tell you about it. Some time ago I was in love with a young lady, and she was your charming daughter. So you remember, I was a guest at your house, posing as her elder sister! You see, I, too, was in love with I am—Jack Lawson. I am great talent; therefore my lawful prey, Violet Wayne, and made Lyndhurst before the ceremony."

Madolin tottered toward him.

"Oh, do you not see enough to undertake the journey."

"I'll go—I'll go, sir," he said between bite teeth.

"You must not! Oh, sir, I implore you!"

With a half-furious gesture he turned her clinging hands.

"I am resolved to know the truth. Since you refuse to make any disclosure I must learn it in other ways. I am sorry to be compelled to do so, but I'm saving for myself and my son. I have tarnished, still, the happiness of my only son to devote to me than you have supposed. And you have cause with my honor for your unwelcome and gentlemen. We three must come to a better understanding before this irreconcilable step is taken."

Madolin realized that all retention would be impossible.

At what could to replace for? An explanation was inevitable. My her presence she

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene confidence and happiness in advanced years are realized by comparatively few women.

Their hard lives, their inability to exercise trouble on account of their poverty, and, worst of all, their profound ignorance concerning themselves, all combine to shorten the period of their youth and fill their later years with suffering.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice to women is full of wonderful strength. She has given advice to many that has shown them how to obtain great health and a great success, and has given to many women a second health in old age. From every corner of the world she is constantly receiving the most convincing statements from women, who, through the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is overcoming female ills. Here is a letter from Mrs. J. C. Cress, of the Home for Friendless, Pa., which is honest and straight to the point:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, weary from the least effort. Am well, and kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better in every way. I am entirely well in all cases, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unequaled, for years she worked side by side with Lydia E. Pinkham, and for something past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

"Gerald Heathcote, that woman cannot wed you. She is already a wife."

"It is false!" Violet shrieked. "I did not marry him!"

"My name returned just in time to prevent the ceremony," Jack went on, without heeding the interruption. "I crept in at the window and heard you declare, in spite them, pledging to marry me. I did not mind that. I knew that my time to claim you when I knew the day had been set for my brother-in-law with his own. Violet, I declared to love. I resolved to be present at the ceremony. I was."

The last words were uttered with a hiss of triumph. Violet, with a wild, terrified gesture, covered her face with her hands.

Madolin had crept nearer, until she was close to Jack in the room.

Her first intimation of this was when Jack turned and met her upturned face. It bears in the eyes of those who heard it, and were long after in their dreams.

"Oh, darling! Am I mad or dreaming? O, darling, I have missed you so!"

The astounding truth seemed to filter through the brain of every one of the actors in the terrible drama. Gerald and Damon Heathcote at the same moment.

The former realized that his wife's confession was blameless; the latter that he had been deceived by the one he would have to womanhood who had been betrothed to his own nephews years before.

They gathered about her in wild excitement.

The scene was indescribable. Only Jack remained unmoved. A torrent of passionate protest broke from Madolin's lips. Her first thought was of Violet. She turned toward her, but the latter shrank from her touch as if she were covered with some loathsome and humiliation.

Then a strong armor at the crunching figure on the floor, she turned to her father.

"I have been false to you in one act of reconciliation. Do not be harsh with my self-sacrificing friend. She has been more than devoted, forgive her."

Violet arose unsteadily before Colonel Brandt, holding her hands before her face. Jack's eyes blazed, with malignant triumph. He turned mockingly to Colonel Brandt.

"Let me tell you about it. Some time ago I was in love with a young lady, and she was your charming daughter. So you remember, I was a guest at your house, posing as her elder sister! You see, I, too, was in love with I am—Jack Lawson. I am great talent; therefore my lawful prey, Violet Wayne, and made Lyndhurst before the ceremony."

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BECAUSE A BIRD SANG.

Because a bird sang are the raindrops wore away.
Or sunbeams had driven the clouds from the day.
A dark life was brightened, a false heart
By singing that sang on the roof of the
house.

The bird had been hurled as long that I dared
Twas only some beautiful thing I had dreamed,
It quickened, and started, and wakened
And filled with the visions that charmed
As guidesome the tone and the words that
That bird in his song on the roof of the
house.

He sang and he warbled, "Oh, longing
Sweet, wait!
Though dim is the future, yet kindly is
Believe it and trust it, oh, mortal, to be
That bird in his song on the roof of the
house.

So hope has arisen and doubting is fled
Because of that song from the roof of the
house.

SIM GAGE'S LOVE.

The Strange Tal Mahal That He Erected in Honor of the Woman He Worshiped.

BY E. HOUHH.

The valley of the Red river of the north was, in the early days, a vast sea of waving, whose fore, flat as a table, forty miles wide and sixty long. It was a prairie—north and south, dashed by a crooked, muddy stream, the Red.

Here and there a clump of trees, yellowed by autumn, or a log house, with its stack of hay and its stable, broke the monotony, but, save these, nearly unbroken by the human hand. Over the wide and rolling land the main products of the soil were wheat and flax. Once the grain and flowers for hundreds of miles in every direction, and the harvest was a time of great activity. The rolls of wheat, fine and hard, such as on other land could not be found in the world and the new, from the north, the south and the west, poured into the garden land that lay ready for the plow as far as the eye could reach in every direction from it. The crack of the whole-whip was heard in the land, and the prairie was enlivened by the shouts of the drivers and the rattle of the reaper.

It was then that Sim Gage and stinging hard to the earth with which it cultivated, stood flat out in the sun, and the harvest was ripened, across which one might look for miles and miles, and see the work of the harvesters in every direction.

There were no towns at all there fifteen years ago, and the nearest to the east was the black loam on his claims. Since then he has lived on the same land with them and had endured the blasting heats of the summer and the cold of the winter, and had not succeeded in getting rich. He had, however, a good farm, and dressed and fed himself and his family well.

His hair had thinned and grown gray, his face bronzed and wrinkled by the sun and the weather, and perhaps his heart had become somewhat hardened by the many rebuffing pleasures of his life, and never more than when he looked at the fruits of the earth, the result of the toil and the sweat of the brow. He had hardly lifted his eyes.

At first it was bleak and bread that Sim Gage had to live on, and he was glad to get it. He was tired and hungry, and he was glad to get it. He was glad to get it. He was glad to get it. He

THE FLAG SHE MADE.

Ripple her out, my darlin', where the winds
  blow wild and free,
For the flag you made for the regiment is
  the dearest flag to me!
For I know the tears from your eyes of
  blue fell fast where the stars I see,
An' the flag you made my darlin', is the
  dearest flag to me!

Ripple her out, my darlin', where the
  winds blow glad an' free;
For the flag is dear—but the flag you made
  is dearer than all could be!
For you kissed the stars an' the crimson
  bars, an' your tears fell fast and un'
  free,
An' the flag you made, my darlin', is the
  dearest flag to me!

Ripple her out, my darlin', to the welcom-
  in' winds afar;
A woman's love and a woman's tears hal-
  low each stripe an' star!
A woman's love an' tears an' prayers shall
  shine through the strife to be,
An' the flag you made, my darlin', is the
  dearest flag to me!

LITTLE QUEER TRICK.

How Braintree Lost His Child and Who Found Her.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

It was not something odd that Sol Braintree had done which was nominated by the miners of Rattlesnake basin a "queer trick," but the name they had given his little girl. She was the only child in the camp, as the scattered cabins and tents in the basin were called, and was a blue-eyed, pudgy little body five years old, who was absolutely without the sense of fear. The quality and the disposition to be obedient no matter what danger lay in the command, and the queer things she said and did, got her the name. But the miners of the basin loved her; the rough, drinking, homeless fellows, panning and sluicing for gold in this lonely sink among the mountains of California.

Sometimes a grizzly moped indifferently across the open spaces on the mountain side above their heads, or a rattlesnake, cold and loggy and loving the sun, was found sleeping on the warm rocks by the spring, and in such moments Queer Trick was thought of with a thrill of apprehension. She was like music to the men, calling back to their memories home, its comforts and the faces of dear ones left behind. But she was Sol Braintree's child; there was the rub.

Sol was not liked, for his life lay under a cloud that made him hard and restive. He was a massive fellow, with a shaggy, auburn beard and keen blue eyes, and was reputed the most powerful man among the hundred or more who worked in the basin. He asked no man to help him in his work, but carried timbers and moved bowlders no matter how large or heavy they chanced to be. He said but little, and that austerely, like one with a sore heart. He had come into the basin three years before, when gold was first discovered there, and staked out a claim on the creek and built a cabin at the mountain's foot. They remembered that he had been a rollicking, drinking fellow then, but after working a time on his claim he went "below," as they say of one who goes down out of the mountains to the settlements in the valleys, and when he returned he brought the child, and was stern and changed. "It's mother's dead," was all he said in explanation. He drank no more after that, and kept himself apart, burying himself in work and the child's love and care. The cabin he rebuilt down on the floor of the basin, with the rude door opening directly upon the claim. There the toddling child played month after month in the sand among the white heaps of gravel, happy and contented as only babies are when playing in the dirt. The skies seemed always clear, the air was balmy, and the very ground was sweet and warm with perpetual summer. Every night the child slept with her yellow head by the father's bearded cheek, and woke at dawn to be loved and tenderly comforted.

It sweetened the old man's life. By degrees his gravity of word and mien softened a little, but he was never companionable. However, not a day passed but miners came into the shallow pit to play with and fondle the child. Her baby speeches made them roar with delight. They often gave her little nuggets of gold, and Sorrel Sam, a red-headed fellow who worked the claim next above Braintree's, fashioned these into a rustic chatelaine which little Queer Trick always wore about her neck.

Perhaps in time the father's heart would have come clear of bitterness, had not a very grave thing happened. He and Sorrel Sam fell foul of each other over the use of water in their claims. Nothing could have been more unfortunate, for next in value to the gold itself was water with which to wash the metal from the soil. Like the gold, too, water was often weighed in the balance against life itself and counted the most precious of the two.

First, with Sol and Sorrel, weeks of heated rancor approaching blows went by. Then they brought the crude law of the time to bear upon the bitter problem, and Sorrel won. For days thereafter Braintree moped about in his mine or sat brooding in the cabin. Sorrel had turned the water away from his claim and he could do nothing. His heart seemed consuming with rage, and one night after little Trick had gone to sleep, he took his rifle and crept over to Sorrel's cabin with murder in his soul. A light was burning on the inside, and the window, such as it was, stood open. Stealthily he crept up to the window and laid the muzzle of the rifle on the sill. Sorrel was sitting by the light, his head propped on his hands, his brow knit, intently studying a rude map of the mines which lay on the table before him.

Braintree took aim at his forehead. The man was so near he could see the blood stirring the veins on his temples. He drew his finger to the trigger, and the blood rushed into his own head until it seemed to roar in his ears. A hundred thoughts and pictures flashed through his mind as his finger touched the trigger, then suddenly a voice cried: "Papa—Sol!" It was little Trick calling him, as clear and plain as he ever heard her in his life. "My God!" he gasped, and drew the gun away. Sorrel never stirred; evidently he heard nothing, and Braintree, trembling all over, turned about and crept back through the darkness to his cabin. Little Trick was sleeping quietly, and again he whispered "My God!" in utter astonishment. He stood a moment looking at her peaceful face and a great sense of what he might have been rushed over him. He stooped over the sleeping child and big tears slipped down his bearded cheeks upon her pillow.

"No, little thing," he said, brokenly, "for your sake I couldn't be that! No matter what 'comes of us or the mine, I couldn't be that!" and he set the rifle in a corner and went out, and for half the night walked to and fro on the mountain side, struggling with the problem.

But the next morning Sorrel Sam was gone, and the water running through the sluice into Braintree's mine. Not a trace of Sorrel was found, save one damaging and dreadful thing—his hat, torn in shreds and spotted with blood near the upper gate of the sluice. He had been killed, murdered, was the general cry. Were there not traces of a struggle there among the rocks? And who could have done the deed but his enemy, Sol Braintree? The excitement spread through the basin like fire.

A few dissented. Grizzly Smith, a miner who had been chewed up once by a grizzly down on the Feather river, was one of these. "Mebbe hit was a b'ar as carried him off," he suggested. "Er mebbe two b'ars fit over Sorrel's hat where he drapped it an' tore an' tramped hit up that way."

"Oh, you're a ole fool!" said Hi Munson, who used to work with Grizzly down on the Feather river, "you don't know nothin' but 'b'ar' since ye got bit. W'y, look at it! Aain't the water runnin' in Sol's sluice where the law said it didn't belong? An' ain't Sol Braintree the oneriest cuss ever come into the basin? He'd as lief kill anybody that crossed him as he would a rattler!"

"Yes, an' I seed him comin' in to his cabin last night nigh to midnight," declared Whisky Evans of Sunken Bar, "an' I'd just like to ax ye, Grizzly Smith, where he'd been?"

"Oh, gittin' a dram like y'rself, I s'pose," growled Grizzly.

"No, he wasn't; he's too cussed mean an' stingy fer that," scoffed Evans.

"Oh, shet up!" roared Munson. "Git a rope! We'll see whether things like this ken be did in these diggin's or not!"

In half an hour three-fourths of the miners of Rattlesnake basin came pouring down into Sol Braintrees' mine. Munson had a rope, and all were excited and many the worse for liquor. Braintree was sitting on a rock apparently lost in thought. He got up and looked at the crowd of men, and a little patch of color came into each of his swarthy cheeks.

"What do you fellows want?" he asked.

"We want you, Sol Braintree!" said Munson, "an' we'd like to ax ye whar Sorrel Sam's gone to, an' how it comes his water's runnin' in here whar the law said it didn't belong!"

"That's what I been studyin' about," said Braintree, quietly. "I didn't turn it in, an' I don't know what's come of Sam."

"Y'r a cussed liar!" said Munson, advancing. In an instant he lay sprawling among the stones, felled by Braintree's knotted fist.

"If any more you fellers hev speeches like that to make ye'd best go outside the pit to make 'em, I reckon," said Braintree, steadily.

A half-dozen revolvers were in the hands of the men about him. Evans took the rope from Munson's nerveless hand, and the crowd began to advance. Braintree backed up against the bank of the pit, his huge fists clenched, his blue eyes blazing against the ring of faces around him. "Boys," he said, "if ye've come here to kill me, shoot me, but don't ye put that thing over my head!"

At that moment little Queer Trick came in among them. Squeezing her curly head and chubby body past the big legs of the men, she emerged in the ring beside her father. Looking up into his pale face, and up at the scowling, malevolent visages of the men about him, she saw that something was wrong.

"Zis is my Papa Sol," she lisped, opening one of his fists and taking hold of one of his big, soiled fingers; "he's mine, an' oos mustn't hurt him!" She turned her round, blue eyes up to his face appealingly. "Papa Sol come in an' make dinner; Queer Trick dettin' hongry!"

The knotted muscles of the father's

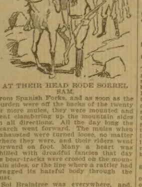
"HE IS MY PAPA."

arms relaxed, his chin sank on his breast, and a mist came into his eyes. The men looked sidewise, stamped their feet on the rocks in a confused and doubtful way, and began turning off to the right and left. "We're a durned pack of fools!" growled Whisky Evans, throwing down the rope, and the child led the father unmolested out through the crowd and off toward the house. As they went she looked back over her shoulder. "Oos better tum in our house an' dit dinner," she said. "Papa Sol he tooks awful nice fings."

Some of the rough fellows roared with laughter. The idea of going to a man's house to hang him, and being invited in to dinner, convulsed them. Others had tears in their eyes; the vision of the sweetness of the child's love, the absence of such affection in their own lives, and awakened memories of former days, smote them with homesickness. But the body of Sorrel Sam was never found. Two years went by, and doubt and suspicion of Braintree smouldered in the men's minds. The man himself worked on, morose and bitter under the taint, putting by gold for little Trick's future. He bought another miner's right and brought the water by a long flume into his mine, and turned Sorrel's water back into the channel; still they could not believe him innocent. Aside from his own and little Queer Trick's, a human foot seldom left its mark in the bottom of Braintree's wide placer-pit. But Queer Trick went everywhere, and the miners loved her, only, alas! she was a murderer's child.

But one day Queer Trick was missing. It had rained on the mountains to the westward, and a rainbow, a vast arch of glory, stood across the basin from crag to crag. Sol went up to strengthen the flumegate, lest the augmented flow of water should break it. When he returned Queer Trick was gone. Night was coming on, and he went out to inquire for her, but no one had seen her. At 10 o'clock Braintree came into the basin saloon, the first time in three years. His face was pale, and he cried wildly that his child was lost. The sudden death of the best-known man in the camp could not have created more feeling. Men set down their glasses on the bar and left them wholly untasted. Cards were dropped on the tables by the side of little heaps of gold-dust and left uncared for. All was confusion and stir. By midnight torches were flashing through the pine trees away over on the sides of Grizzly mountain, down in the black gorges around Lost Creek falls and off to the left nearly to the top of Splinter peak. Everywhere through all that region strong men were panting up the slopes and calling through the canyons, eager, hungry to find this one bit of love and innocence that had been taken from them.

All night the search went on, and at dawn the men came in from all directions, but the child had not been found. They looked weary and jaded and Braintree's face was like ashes. His hat was gone and his clothes torn from the night-long struggle. The men said but little to him, but in their own and his greater agony their hearts began to turn to him pityingly. While breakfast was being hastily eaten, the pack-train came in



AT THEIR HEAD RODE SORREL SAM.

from Spanish Forks, and as soon as the burden were off the backs of the twenty or more mules, they were mounted and sent clambering up the mountain sides in all directions. All the day long the search went forward. The mules when exhausted were turned loose, no matter where they were, and their riders went forward on foot. Many a heart was chilled with dreadful fancies that day as bear-tracks were crossed on the mountain sides, or the line where a rattler had dragged its hateful body through the dust.

Sol Braintree was everywhere, and, like a madman, his strength seemed exhaustless. Some fell dead tired and laid down and slept on the mountain side, others came back for food, and others kept searching on. Horns, used in the mines to call the men to their meals, had been taken by many, and it was agreed that were the child found they should be blown, once if the child were dead, and three times if alive and well. Just at sundown, when all in the camp was depression and sadness, when the tired refused to talk and the hungry scarcely tasted the food they ate from dejection, there came a long, faint peal floating downward from the heights of Splinter peak. The watchers, the exhausted and the hungry sprang to their feet and listened. Far and near the searchers stopped still on the mountain sides and held their breath. Would it blow again? Yes, there it came! and there again! trembling downward through the golden air! A wild yell of joy went up from the camp, and from every ridge and spur the horns began to blow. It was such music as Rattlesnake basin had never heard before and may never hear again.

At 6 o'clock a crowd came down the trail from Splinter peak. At their head rode a horseman, Sorrel Sam, with Queer Trick in his arms! By his side walked Sol Braintree, his hand upon the horse's mane, his face turned up to the smiling pair above him as if he saw into heaven. The men waiting in the basin rent their throats with cheers at the sight, and when Sorrel rode in among them, they pulled both man and child from the saddle and well-nigh strangled them with hugs and kisses.

In answer to a hundred queries put at once, Sorrel said he had been home to the states; that he guessed he wasn't in the right about the water anyway, and he'd be blowed if he was going to beat Queer Trick out of her grub by taking the water from her father. Another great cheer went up at that, and Sorrel and Sol's hands were well-nigh shaken off in the general delight.

"But whar 'bouts did ye pick up the little gal, Sorrel?" asked one.

"Oh, she was layin' by the trail asleep on the soft side of a rock over on the other side of Splinter peak," he said.

The happy father was holding the child on his big right arm, smiling into her face.

"What did ye go 'way over thar fer, honey?" he asked.

"W'y, Sorrel tole me once 'at a bag of gole was 'ite where the jainbow comed down, an' I went to dit it, but the ole jainbow left, an' I dot lost. Papa-Sol, I'se hongry!"

Queer Trick riding the "Hydraulic Giant."

THE SEVENTH INNING.

How a Discarded Ball Pitcher Won a Game.

BY ROSSER WILLIAMS.

The Burgiville nine were in their club room over Mr. Darby's barn one Friday afternoon, talking over the coming game with the West Length team on the morrow, when Captain Darby said:

"What fellow's going to take that note for me. No volunteers? Well, then, I'll appoint some one. Men line up. I'll blindfold and the first fellow I touch goes."

The Captain had a grudge against a boy in the town and thought that the best way to get even with him was to write an anonymous letter and send it by one of his team.

The boys lined up, and Darby, after being blindfolded, turned himself around and touched Morris Wells, the chief twirler of the nine.

"Who is it?" asked Darby. "You, Wells? Just the man I want. Here's the note, and be sure and give it to him just as soon as you can."

"Look here, Darby, I didn't approve of this business in the first place, and I'm not going to have anything to do with it."

"Oh, you ain't, eh? Well, we'll see about this. Look here, you don't need to think you're running this team just 'cause you can pitch a little bit. Now, if you won't take this note you'll get out of this team for good, and what's more, you won't get a chance to play against the West Length kids to-morrow, either. Will you take this note?"

"No, I won't. As for playing in the game to-morrow, you can play by yourself. Get a new pitcher and lose the game. I'm out of it," and Maurice stamped out of the club room in a state of great excitement.

"Well," said Darby, "all there is to do is to send for that new fellow to come and pitch. How many say yes?"

As all the boys were a little afraid of Darby, they appeared to be satisfied and the new pitcher was stowed and they adjourned.

Saturday morning dawned clear and bright. Every one seemed jolly and the Burgiville boys all appeared at the diamond early in order to practice. The new pitcher was no marvel, although he did fairly well, and by the time the West Lengths boys were seen cutting across the prairie, the Burgiville team felt ready for the coming battle.

Umpires were chosen and one tossed up a penny for ins and outs. Up flew the coin in the air. "Heads," yelled Darby. "She's tails," said the umpire. "I take outs and seven innings is the game," cried the captain of the West Length, and the Burgivilles lined up for the batting.

"Darby to bat, Milton on deck, yelled the tally keeper.

The ball was pitched. "One strike. Two strikes. Three strikes, the batter's out," cried the umpire and the West Length boys went into spasms of delight.

As the game went on it began to get exciting and at the end of the sixth inning the score stood 8 to 8.

The Burgivilles were again at bat and Darby led off with so hard a hit that he broke the bat and ripped the cover almost off the ball. He stretched a three-bagger into a home run, assisted by a wild throw by the West Length center fielder. This made the score stand 9 to 8, in Burgiville's favor. The next two of the Juniors went out in one, two, three order, but up came Harritor, the new pitcher, who had shown his good work with the ash several times already in the game.

An in-curve came. He saw it but too late to get out of the way, and it hit him on the muscle of his right arm, and he knew he was laid up for the day. He took his base, but the next man made out on a long fly to right field and the West Lengths filed in to bat.

"Now we're in a pickle. Score in our favor and no pitcher. Well' I'll have to pitch and have Hawkins cover second base," cried Darby, desperately. He was so wild that three men took their bases on balls. Just then Darby had a bright idea. Running into the crowd he caught Maurice Wells, who was looking on, by the arm.

"Please pitch. Unless you do we'll lose the game," he cried.

"I'm out of it," Maurice said, although his fingers twitched to get hold of the ball.

"One minute to play, or forfeit," yelled the umpire.

"Will you come?" pleaded Darby.

Maurice pulled off his coat and took his place, throwing the ball three times successively over the plate.

"Batter out."

The same thing was repeated.

"Wilteff to bat," was the next cry and he was the heaviest batter of the team.

The ball went whirling. Crack! The ball flies in the air just above shortstop.

Maurice started for it. He must catch it. Three men on bases and that would lose the game. He kept his eye on the ball and saw nothing else, not even the burly third baseman and the shortstop going for it too. It was coming lower. He made a dash and the ball was in his hand, when—crash! and all was dark. The third baseman and shortstop had not seen him either, and as they were all running, when they came together they fell. When kindly hands pulled the other two up, Maurice was found senseless on the ground, the ball tightly held in his hand. As he recovered consciousness he found all the boys crowded around him in great excitement, crying:

"Hooray for Morrie! He's saved the game!"

And Darby, rushing up, yelled: "Come on, fellers; three cheers for the star twirler of the Burgivilles!"

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A FAIRY STORY.

What Happened to Fannie May.

BY LILA RAYMUND.

Mary Edith felt glad that the warm spring days had come, and she could now go down into the lane with Bessie, her little playmate who lived close by, and take the dolls to ride, and look for wild roses.

So one morning when a robin came and lit on a top-most branch of the old apple tree right close to her window and sang: "cheer-up!" cheer-up!" it awoke her, and she slipped out of bed and crept to the window to see what all the fuss was about; and when she drew back the curtain and peeped out, there was the robin looking straight at her with his little bright eyes, and twigging his little tail, as he sang, cheer-up;" and telling her, as she thought, what a lovely morning it was, for the sun was shining beautifully, and the blossoms on the trees made them look like great pink and white boquets.

The grass was bright and green, and down in the front yard Mary Edith spied a big yellow dandelion. Then she knew it must be warm enough to take Fannie May (that was her doll) for a ride in her carriage. The carriage was a lovely one. It was one of Edith May's Christmas presents, and had a pink silk shade with a white lace cover, and a pink silk carriage robe.

So after breakfast Mary Edith's mamma got out her coat and a broad hat, and told her not to go further than Bessie's house.

After Mary Edith was all ready herself, she tucked Fanny May up snug in her carriage, and put the pink silk robe about her, and away she started down the lane toward Bessie's house. She could see the house through the leaves, for it was not a great way off.

Pretty soon she sat down on a little flat rock and took Fannie May out of the carriage to tie her blue ribbon hat-strings that had come untied.

Holding Fannie May in her lap for a few minutes, she was telling her that she must be careful and not let her hat blow off again, because if she did the sun would tan her lovely complexion, when she heard a little voice beside her, and looking round what do you suppose she saw?

The tiniest little creature with long, floating, golden hair, and wearing a long robe, and carrying a wand with a ruby at the top that looked just like a lovely star.

This little creature was standing on the edge of a big yellow dandelion, looking straight at Fannie May.

"Who in the world are you, and what are you doing here?" cried Mary Edith, for she was so surprised she didn't know what to do. She had never seen such a lovely little being before, so much smaller than any doll that ever was made.

"Why, don't you know?" the tiny creature replied, laughing to see Mary Edith's surprise, "I am fairy Golden-Hair, and I live down among the dandelion leaves."

"But I thought fairies never came out into the light?" said Mary Edith.

"They never do," replied Golden-Hair, "that is, the wood-fairies never do, but I am a flower-fairy, you see?" she added, looking at Fanny May, who was sitting up in Mary Edith's lap and staring with a surprised look in her blue eyes at Golden Hair.

Mary Edith couldn't help laughing when she said this, to think of Fannie May being called a lady; for ladies can speak, and Fannie May couldn't say a word; besides, she wasn't alive either.

But Golden-Hair didn't seem to mind her laughing a bit, for she continued: "Wouldn't she like a beautiful lace dress to wear? Because if she would, I will wave my wand, and there will come fairy Long-Legs out from under the dandelion leaves and he will spin the lace all covered with diamonds."

"Oh-o-o!" exclaimed Mary Edith, clasping her hands in ecstacy; "that would be perfectly lovely!"

So Golden-Hair said something in fairy language which Mary Edith couldn't understand, and waved her wand with the ruby star, and out came a great, big spider, spinning his web, and he walked straight up to Fannie May.

Then Golden-Hair told Mary Edith to shut her eyes tight and not open them till she was told, so she did as Golden-Hair bade her.

Presently Golden-Hair sung something else in fairy language, and waved her wand, that sounded like these words:

"The loveliest dress
I do confess
By Long-Legs shall be spun,
Let diamonds rare
Be scattered there
All flashing in the sun!"

Then after a minute or two she waved her wand again, and Mary Edith opened her eyes as she was told to do, and what do you suppose she saw?

There sitting in her lap was Fannie May wearing the most exquisite lace dress, like a cobweb, and all covered with diamond dew drops that flashed so beautifully in the sunlight that Mary Edith cried out in delight, "Oh-o-o, my!" and then what do you think happened?

She woke up; for she had fallen asleep as she sat there on the little flat rock tying Fannie May's pink silk hat strings, and there, on her dress, close to her hand, was a great, big Daddy-Long-Legs, standing quite still and looking straight up at her.

He had come out from under the leaves and crawled up her dress, and that was what made her dream. And when he ran over her hand it woke her up.

"O-o-o! you big, awful bug!" cried Mary Edith, jumping up quickly and shaking her skirts, for she was afraid of spiders.

And when she did that away ran Daddy-Long-Legs as fast as his long legs would carry him.

Just then she saw Bessie coming up the road, and so she put Fannie May back into the carriage and hurried away to meet her and tell her all about fairy Golden-Hair who had come up from Dandelion Castle to talk to Fannie May.

Farmers Break the Buggy Monopoly.

It is claimed that for years buggy manufacturers have secured exhorbitant prices for their goods, but recently, through the combined assistance of the farmers of Iowa, Illinois, and other States, SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., of Chicago, have got the price of open buggies down to $16.50; Top Buggies, $22.75; Top Surries, $43.75 and upwards, and they are shipping them in immense numbers direct to farmers in every State. They send an immense Buggy Catalogue free, postpaid, to any one who asks for it. This certainly is a big victory for the farmer, but a severe blow to the carriage manufacturers and dealers.

Governor Powers of Maine is an economical executive. Rather than call an extra session of the state legislature to make an appropriation for the mobilization of the militia he is defraying the expenses out of his own pocket.

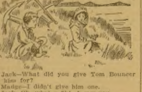
FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address Mrs. L. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

One half the world does not know how much the other half lies about it.

In capacity to destroy an enemy's ships or forts the Vesuvius has proved itself to be by all odds the most effective ship in our navy.

Quite Another Thing.



Jack—What did you give Tom Bouncer a kiss for?

Madge—I didn't give him one.

Jack—Oh, what a fib! I saw you.

Madge—No. I only let him steal one.

Mr. Toad's Ingenious Plan.

A Kansas City toad owes its "board and keep" to the electric light company. An electric arc light hangs at the corner of Prospect avenue and Independence boulevard and at night at attracts myriads of fleas and bugs. They flutter too near the

HOW THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FEEDS HIM.

flame, become blinded or singe their wings and fall to the toad, who sits below in delightful anticipation.

He dines slowly, as becomes an epicure, taking about an hour for the performance.

WHERE DID IT LIGHT?

Oh, Mister—Mister Sampson,
  Has you made dem Spaniels git?
I wish you please, suh, tell me—
  Is de flyin' squadron lit?

Did dey all git up en git?
Has dey tumbled in de pit?
  I wish you plase, suh, tell me—
Is de flyin' squadron lit?

Oh, Mister—Mister Sampson,
  Is you all done fout en fit?
I wish you please, suh, tell me—
  Is de flyin' squadron lit?

Did dey all git up en git?
Has dey tumbled in de pit?
  I wish you please, suh, tell me—
Is de flyin' squadron lit?

Grandchildren of the Queen.

Princess Victoria, who occupies the left side of this picture, and Prince Albert on the left of his elder brother, Prince Edward, make up one of the happiest trios in any nursery in the world, in spite of the fact that they will have no end of ceremony and formality thrust into their lives as soon as their parents, the Duke

LIKE ANY OTHER BABIES.

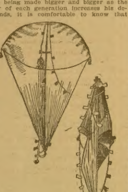
and Duchess of York, think them old enough to begin to be fitted to fill the positions which are awaiting them in England's royal family. It is gratifying to note that the high-born babies are clothed unpretentiously and their calm, healthy faces show that their daily life is simple and wholesome.

How Long Does It Take to Think.

Prof. Richet says that it takes a man about one-eleventh of a second to think out each note of a musical scale. He explains the practice that people will often follow of bending their heads in order to catch each minute sound by the fact that the smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel were noted by one observer when they did not exceed 60 to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than 15 times a second. Among the various ways in which Prof. Richet tried to arrive at conclusions as to the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensation or mental impression was the touching of the skin repeatedly with light blows from a hammer. The fact that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure can be distinguished when they follow one another as frequently as 1,000 a second. The sharp sound of the electric spark from an induction coil was distinguished with one ear, when the rate was as high as 500 to the second. The sight is much less keen. When revolved at a speed no faster than 2 times a second, a disk half white and half black will appear gray. We also hear more rapidly than we can count. If a clock-clicking movement runs quicker than ten to the second we can count four clicks, while with twenty to the second we can count only two of them.

Kite Which Collapses.

In these days, when it seems that kites are being made bigger and bigger as the boy of each generation increases his demands, it is comfortable to know that



OPEN AND CLOSED.

there has been invented one of these gigantic toys which can be spread and then changed into a small compass after the same principle as an umbrella.

The opponents of Thomas Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana Territory in 1803 were just as earnest in their objections to that measure and as certain that it would prove disastrous to the American republic as are the objectors to the acquisition of Hawaii that that step will be attended by like results.

AD DOROTHEAM.

Mr. Gladstone was not considered much of a poet, and yet he was able to express himself in verse with great felicity. His "Ad Dorotheam," the stanzas addressed to his little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew, first published several years ago, are marked by tenderness, grace, and a certain playful quality of humor. It is safe to say the pretty poem will be more popular now than it ever has been. Here it is:

I know where there is honey in a jar,
  Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
  That only wait small hands to intertwine
  A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes
    all glad;
  The house is bright with blossoms high
    and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
  Expectantly are running to and fro;
  The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
  On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken
    flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
  Made me of men most honored and most
    best.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
  He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to
    tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest
    rose
  And toddle with it to another belle,
  Who does not treat him altogther well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
  To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss).
  No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
  Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
  The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughing make us gay,
  Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
  Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow
    flee.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with Prof. Herrin's advt. which has appeared regularly in our columns for many months, and will be found in the present issue, and many have undoubtedly been attracted by it to place themselves under the Professor's tuition to become masters of his wonderful art. Prof. Herrin claims the distinction of being the first Hypnotist who has successfully taught the art by mail.—Ed.

A Funny Englishman.

A well-known man—a staid and serious bank manager—was passing by the Liverpool town hall when he noticed a well-dressed man hurrying toward Castle street. They reached it together, and then the young man looked at him with a nervous start.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "will you please call my friend for me? She is crossing the street. I—I have lung trouble and can't shout."

The elderly man looked where he pointed, and sure enough there was a young woman with bright feathers in her hat just crossing the road at a brisk rate.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Ethel."

"Ethel!" shouted the bank manager.

The young woman with the feathers was almost across, and she didn't turn round.

"Ethel!" he roared again.

This time she stopped and looked round, and the excited old gentleman motioned to her.

When she came across, the elderly bank manager was turning round to receive the thanks of the lung troubled man, but he had gone! Then there was trouble.

In some quarters a vague hope still lingers that the new woman will have a little consideration for the old man.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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FROM OUT THE SHADOWS

By

EMMA HOWARD WRIGHT

Colonel Compton was silent. He did not think it would be wise to tell Mrs. Marston what was true, but he had not the courage to tell her a falsehood, so he said:

"I am sorry to grieve you, but the effect upon my wife if we are forced to tell her the truth would be very serious. She is not well, and, for my wife's sake, I shall do all in my power to deceive her."

"I shall telegraph for Jack to come home," said Mrs. Marston, as they rose from the table. "I will order the dog-cart now, and we will drive over to the station."

But in the interval a few minutes after Bella entered. She came up to the Colonel, lifting her face to his with a kind smile for him to kiss. She was very pale and her eyes had a frightened look.

"I fear my little girl has had a fright," said the Colonel.

"Why, papa, what do you look, child?" said the Colonel.

"Mr. Richard Marston has been here, Mrs. Marston," she replied. "She is very ill, papa."

"My dear," said the Colonel, "Mr. Marston's name must not be mentioned in Farmer Stevens' house."

The girl started slightly; it was a mistake of an hour before.

"Tell my mother," she said at length, in a low voice, "that I am very sorry to be such a daughter's duty, a daughter's love."

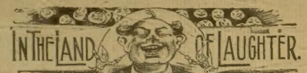
"Bella, my child, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Marston, and Amanda Bailey stood facing each other, the one pale and trembling, the other pale and very angry, but each one kept upon her. Colonel Compton and Farmer Stevens had left the room, and Mrs. Marston, the former brought forward a chair for Mandy, who sank down upon it, and Bella stood quite still opposite to her.

"I want an answer to your questions," he said, "and I want it at once." He looked at Colonel Compton to us was a great shock to Mrs. Marston, and she said: "I am glad Mrs. Corn Barbe now assures that she killed our child, Mandy Bailey, and that Mrs. Corn Barbe Nurser Brown and Mandy uttered the words of which you speak."

"Did you see Cora Barbe place that bundle in the cradle, Mandy?" said Richard Brewer.

The farmer looked somewhat confused.

"I—I—I—



'ARRY'S TROUBLES.

They Began When He Landed in New York.

One could see he was an Englishman by the cut of his jib. He was sitting on an old carpet bag gazing sadly at the river.

"Do I stay in New York?" he answered, in response to my inquiry. "Well, not being a blarsted chump, I leaves this blooming country for hever tomorrow morning.

"'Ow long 'ave I been 'ere? Just two blessed days, so help me never, and if I 'ad only 'ad savey enough to know when I was well horf I'd 'ave left the sound of Bow Bells has long has I 'ad a dickey bird to chirp with.

"The wery furst thing I struck harfter the boat was a corfee 'ouse. They don't call 'em corfee 'ouses 'ere, but wrestawrengs.

"In I sauntered and sets down. Presently a tearly little donor gambols up and arsks me 'what I would 'ave. 'Gimme a pint of corfee, two door steps cut ugly and a hard reed soldier cooked through,' says I. She larfed. 'D'ye hear wot I say? Don't stand theer larfing hat me, but tote along and bring the grub.' She cuts her stick pretty lively hand presently comes back with a big, foreign-looking bloke, who harfter gazing hat me hattentively, said: 'What is it you wish, please?'

"Well, being kind of peckish, this question made me wroughty. 'Now, look 'ere, cockey,' says I, 'I've hordered once of the little fairy standing there. But maybe you thinks as I 'aven't the spuds to pay.' Saying this, I goes down into me breeches pocket and forks hout a 'andful of American bobs and tanners—quarters an' dimes they call 'em 'ere—gives 'im a saucy wink and settles down comfortably, thinking the question was settled.

"Well, upon me sivey, if it didn't take me 'arf an 'our to make that juggins understand that door steps cut ugly was plain Henglish for slices of bread and butter wery thick, and that a soldier was a red 'erring. 'We don't keep such things in this hestablishment, sir,' 'e said, when I had done hexplaining. 'Well, what do you keep?' says I. 'Ef moonseer will give me cart blarnch,' he replies, 'I will endeavor to please you.' 'All right,' I answered, 'go ahead and trot it hout has soon as you can.'

"Presently, wen I 'ad finished pecking, I arsked for the bill. When hit came I didn't hunderstand hit a bit. But not wanting to appear ignorant before the little gal, and thinkin' as 'ow I hought to show these bloomin' New Yorkers 'ow free an' Henglishman could be with his money, I forked hout a tanner, which, I hunderstands, is called a dime 'ere, and' anded hit over. The little gal thanked me very much and larfed so nicely that I came werry near inviting her to come out walking that hevening.

"I put on me coat, and was getting toward the door when the foreign-looking gent looks up from a little desk with a pigeon 'ole in it and says: 'Moonseer 'as forgotten to pay.' 'You hare a blooming jumped-up liar,' says I, 'for I just now paid the gal as waited on me at the table.' 'Non! Non!' he says. 'That was a teep; the bill was four dollars and a 'arf.' ''Ow much?' I roared. 'Four dollars and a 'arf,' he repiled. 'Eighteen bob,' says I, 'for that measly spread?' 'Moonseer had a very fine lunch,' he replied, shrugging his shoulders. 'Hit's a bloody himposition, and I won't pay a stiver,' says I. Well, harfter a while, seeing has there was no 'elp for hit, and being in a strange country, I give 'im a quid and after receiving my change, went away. ''Ere,' I thinks, ''ave I only been in New York three 'ours, and bang goes a 'ole twenty shillings.'

"The next thing to do was to get a doss for the night. So I tackled a fat old geezer of a copper, standing on the corner of Broadway, and tells 'im all my troubles. He was werry pollie, and says he: 'Me friend, I'd advise you to go to some cheap, clean, respectable hotel, and not be getting yourself in thrubble with low-class houses.' 'Them's my sentiments, hexactly,' says I. 'Well,' he continued, 'the only 'otel I would recommend to you in this city is the Haldorf-Wastoria 'ouse,' and then 'e gives me directions, hand hafter some time I finds the place.

"Well, hin I goes, writes me name in a book, gets into a little box, histed toward the roof, and soon arterwards finds meself in a room that was up to the knocker, and no mistake.

"Well, next morning, think I, 'It will be as well hif I finds out 'ow much the damage is in this 'ere 'ouse.' Down I jaunts to the clerk. ''Ow much do I howe you?' I arsks. 'When did you arrive?' says he. 'Last night,' I answers. He looked at a big book a moment, and then says, careless like, 'Five dollars.' 'What! for a month?' I arsked. 'No, for a night,' he answers.

"Well, I was desperate. Another whole yellowboy gone, and nothing for hit but a night's doss. I paid hit. What could I do? And then cut me lucky for the nearest boat landing, and 'ere I stays till the ship sails. I ain't a-going to heat, drink nor sleep anywhere else but on my hold portmanteau 'ere until I get aboard the ship that takes me back 'ome. And when I get theer I 'ope I may die if hever I leave hit again."—New York World.

Accommodating.

He—Oh, that I might die kissing you!

She—Well, I expect papa home almost any minute now.

Mighty Poor Sand.

Several months ago a Kansas City company bought a carload of crushed ore in Mexico. Advices were duly and officially received that the ore had been shipped—twenty tons of it. Weeks slipped by and the ore did not come.

The smelting company politely asked the local agent of the railroad company when it would be here. The local agent said he had never heard of it. The smelting company then appealed to the general agent. The general agent gave it up—if it was a conundrum. Along the line the question passed until it reached a potent official, who started out a tracer for the carload of ore.

A tracer is a document on which every agent, train conductor and other person who has had anything to do with a shipment must say whence he took it and where he laid it down. From the mine in Mexico the carload of ore was traced from junction point to junction point, from station to station, until it was well within the railroad company's local yards, and thence to a side track by a roundhouse and into the possession of the master mechanic.

A carload of crushed gold ore looks like a lot of coarse, yellow sand, and this particular carload had been knocked about and disrespected as a carload of common sand should be.

When the officials were notified that the sleuths of the tracer had chased the car to the master mechanic's track they sent him a note asking him of the disposition of the car, giving its number.

The master mechanic turned the note over and indorsed on the back:

"The car contained a d—d bad quality of sand. Some of it I used in the sand boxes of the engines, but it was not serviceable, so I had it scattered along the right of way."

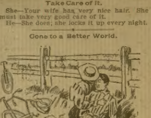
The railroad company paid the smelter company $180 a ton for the sand.

Take Care of It.

She—Your wife has very nice hair. She must take very good care of it.

He—She does; she locks it up every night.

Gone to a Better World.



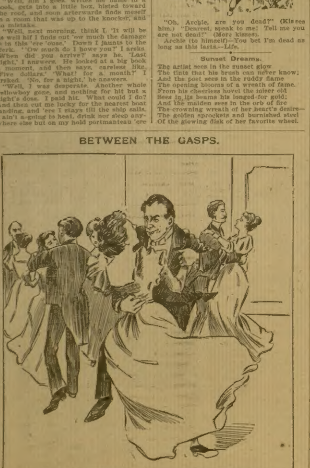
"Oh, Archie, are you dead?" (Kisses him.) "Dearest, speak to me! Tell me you are not dead!" (More kisses).

Archie (to himself)—You bet I'm dead as long as this lasts.—Life.

Sunset Dreams.

The artist sees in the sunset glow
The tints that his brush can never know;
And the poet sees in the ruddy flame
The opening blooms of a wreath of fame.
From his cheerless hovel the miser old
Sees in its beams his longed-for gold;
And the maiden sees in the orb of fire
The crowning wreath of her heart's desire—
The golden sprockets and burnished steel
Of the glowing disk of her favorite wheel.

BETWEEN THE GASPS.



Miss Jones—Really—Mr. Rugger—you won't—mind—my—hinting that this—is a waltz—not a football scrimmage!

TWO GALLANT AMERICANS.

In the true American general there is always to be found running through his characteristics a deep vein of old, true gallantry. It makes him dear to the hearts of the men that serve him and adored by the gentler sex.

General Sheridan, or "Little Phil," as he was endearingly called, was eminently a modest man. In fact, his great shyness in the presence of women caused him during his early life to perform most of his gallantry by proxy.

When he spent some time in Springfield engaged in forwarding a supplies to the army his fancy was caught by a pretty young girl, to whom he became desirous of showing some attention. Then his horrible bashfulness rose up mockingly before him. But he determined not to relinquish his scheme of providing some pleasure for the winsome creature. He, therefore, induced a gay young clerk named Eddy to take her out driving, while he, General Sheridan, furnished the carriage and horses.

General Sheridan was never a dangler after women, but as he became older and conquered to a great extent his shyness he was noted for his gallantry. At the time of the commune he was in Paris with his aid-de-camp. There was also stopping at the same hotel a charming American woman with whom he was slightly acquainted. The prisoners had been liberated and were rushing madly through the streets. The order had also been given that all windows and shutters must be kept closed. Shut up in her dark room and hearing the noisy rabble below, the lady became greatly alarmed.

"There is but one thing for me to do," she cried, "to insure safety. I will put my self under the care of the American general."

She therefore sent her card to Sheridan, who at once called and offered his services. He also advised that she should join his party in the morning and get away to London. Still the lady appeared distressed. Finally, with complete abandon, she cried: "It is my bonnets at Virot's; they were to have been done today. How can I go and leave them?"

The general grasped the situation and gallantly offered his arms to escort her to the milliner's. Happily it was not far off. Ever afterward he delighted to tell of his pleasure at seeing such an array of dainty headgear. He had never been at a milliner's before.

Abraham Lincoln had much gallantry for women and was an acute observer of their gowns. Anything approaching the gaudy quite put him out of humor with the wearer. After he became president the renown of his tender heart caused him to be besieged with incessant applications for pardons. He was finally obliged to refuse to see any of the petitioners.

At one time, however, a young girl, by her own efforts and will power, succeeded in getting an audience with him. She craved the pardon of a brother, unjustly imprisoned. It was the old story; but as Lincoln gazed at her tear-stained face he cried:

"My poor girl, you have come here with no governor, nor senator, nor member of congress to plead your cause; you appear honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoops, and I will be whipped but I will pardon your brother."—Boston Globe.

Uncultaivted Taste.

"I wanted ter ax yer," said the new colored servant, with much embarrassment, "ef yoh would have any dejections to my bakin' some ol'-fashioned, home-made bread?"

"We don't need any," replied the housewife. "The baker's bread is quite satisfactory."

"I didn't speck ter make it foh you all. I was axin' yer as a pus-nal favoh."

"You mean you desire to make some bread especially for your own use?"

"Ef I moust, ma'am. I hasn't got myse'f usenter to dis here baker's bread. When I bites inter a piece an' doesn' fin' nuffin' but a hole, I feels disapp'inted. I knows I's way behin' de times. Dey kin put wind in balloons an' bicycle tires an' I ain' got nuffin' to say. But when it comes ter pneumatic bread, I gibs up. Ef I kain' hab de good old-matic kind, I reckons I'll hafter git along wif meat an' vegetables."

A Colored Casing.

Sambo—Don't want none er yer stuffed sausage. Jist give me a nickel's wuf yer plain sausage meat, Mister Smith; dis nigger kin fu'nish de casing.

Spring humors, boils, pimples, sores and all eruptions are promptly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood, eradicating every trace of scrofula.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

DISILLUSIONED.

Miss Beauteigh—Oh! to think that I loved that.

The Puzzling Solution of a Puzzle.

Shure, th' solution av a puzzle's sometoimes more av a puzzle than th' puzzle entoirely.

McGoon, the contractor, calls me inty a corner one day, an' says he, "Mac," says he, "Oi've found th' thaif thot's been shtalin' me woife's jewelry," says he.

"Good for yez," says Oi.

"Divil a bit," says he; "'tis bad."

Thin he tills me th' shtory, an' Oi'm laughin' at him all the toime wid me face as solemn as a box av shoe-blackin', twor thot funny. McGoon wor makin' money boy th' ton thim days, an' his woife wor sportin' jewelry thot made th' other women on th' hill detist her—pure gold she said it wor wid genyine shtones sit in it—an' whin it b'gins t' disappear from her bidroom bit boy bit, wid no clew t' th' thaif, 'twor th' talk av th' whole ward.

"Mac," says McGoon t' me, "thot Molly Ginness do be th' guilty writch—her wid th' oyes loike a lamb an' th' complixion loike brid an' strawberry-jam," says he; "thot swate an' innocent Oi'd hov trusted her alone at a Dutch picnic. She's been wid us a long toime now, an' she niver shtole anything at all till we got somethin' t' shtale, an then——"

He takes a turn t' th' door an' back, thot agitated wor he.

"Oi foinds her wid a doimond ring in her mouth, nistlin' among thim pearly taith—think av thot!—an' Oi fales so bad Oi'm not tillin' me woife av it, an' it's not knowin' Oi am what t' do at all. Oi'm not wantin' t' turn th' poor misguided craiture out, an' she's smoilin' at me thot knowin' ivery day till Oi'm thot flustered yez can't till. What 'll Oi be doin', Mac, old frind?" says he.

"How did yez know she wor holdin' the ring in her mouth?" says Oi.

"Oi tasted th' brass," says he.

"Oi dunno," says Oi.—Judge.

In Danger.

He—I'm not going to visit that widow again.

She—Why not?

He—Whenever I went there she was reading a novel called "Put Youself in His Place."

Those Daring Bostonians.

"That's the man over there, isn't it, who polished up Kipling's 'Recessional?'"

"No. You've got them mixed. That's the man who re-wrote the first chapter of Genesis in words of two syllables and corrected the grammar of the Lord's Prayer."

An Example.

She—Did you ever see any rapid firing?

He—Yes; I was in Washington when the Spanish minister and attaches were sent home.

Popular Song Illustrated.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Relative Heroism.

The General—I have stood unmoved when shells were bursting around me. Could you?

Romeo Barnstormer—Well, that would depend a great deal upon the age of the eggs.—Life.

Anyth ng but That.

A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?"

With a wan smile he answered feebly: "Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewheres. I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."

A New Detective Story.

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New Burglar Alarm.

Wife (suddenly awakening)—Hark! Horrors! What's the matter? Fido is 'way downstairs, yelping as if she were hurt. What's happened to the little dear?

Husband—I threw him at a burglar.

Too True.

Harold—What is meant by a "death-bed confession," father?

Papa—When a salesman warns a purchaser of the dangers that lurk in a folding-bed.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

She wore a dress of navy blue,
The collar white and blue and red;
A striped belt—and stockings, too;
A sailor hat was on her head.
Red, white and blue her chatelaine;
She had a flag beneath her chin.
She wore a badge—"U. S. S. Maine,"
A tiny cannon for a pin.

She wore a shell comb in her hair,
With army buttons all embossed;
Some swords were also sticking there,
And at her belt small rifles crossed.
Her pocketbook was knapsack shape,
Her smelling bottle a wee canteen
Containing essence of "Crushed Grape"—
The neatest thing I'd ever seen.

Her face was patriotic, too,
And full of everlasting charms;
Her cheeks were red, teeth white, eyes blue;
She also had repeating arms.
In fact, she was in "fighting trim."
So an "engagement" I did seek;
And though my chance to win was slim,
I cruised around about her cheek.

Puff! Suddenly she fired at me
A perfect fusillade of smiles!
It shook my heart "windward" to "lee,"
Re-echoing for miles and miles!
My rapid-firing lips I turned
Upon her then (for they were loaded),
But when the fast sent kisses burned,
The powder on her face exploded!
—Truth.

Bill Nye's Ayrshire.

The following hitherto unpublished letter from Nye to Frank Carpenter recently appeared in the Boston Herald:

"I am spending the summer on the farm, surrounded by loving friends and colored people who desire to dispose of their blackberries.

"I have discharged my old farm superintendent and secured one in his stead who can play a better game of golf. Farmers must keep abreast of the times or fall behind.

"Crops are looking well. I had quite an experience last week with a new hive of bees, which I bought at Hendersonville, this state. They are called long-waisted or tailor-made bees. I brought the hive home by train this afternoon. The Pullman parlor car conductor was going to put me off, but thought better of it when I set my Queen Anne bees on him. I always hated Pullman anyhow, and only patronize his old slumbering tanks when I need a new cake of soap or a set of hand towels for the home nest.

"The only two people who have succeeded in making anything out of farming in this country are two men who have worked for me and Mr. Vanderbilt for five years on salary, who now own a feed store, where Mr. Vanderbilt and I are enabled to run an account.

"The joys of farm life keep one young and fresh all the time. I love to romp with the bull and fool him by jumping over the fence a trifle in advance of him. I bought him of a colored brother who called the animal 'I shi.' Afterward I learned that 'Ayrshire' was what he was trying to ejaculate.

"'I shi' seems appropriate, however, and I still use that name, as I came near being shy a couple of nice children on his account."

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Great Opportunity Wasted.

"You are trying to introduce a new brand of five-cent cigars, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go to those fellows who write war bulletins on the big blackboards and see if you can't rent the backs of their coats for advertising purposes?"

An Anglo-American Pun.

Here is what the Key West war correspondent of a London paper has had the cheek to send to his home journal, and got it printed, too:

Cubee, or not Cubee?
That's the Key Westian.

Simply Criminal.

Man from Ohio—It is said that we speak better English here in this country than they do in England.

Man from New York—Yes, I am told that many of the people ovah thayah sound thayah r's.

Great Idea.

Aunt Gertrude—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to grow a beard.

Aunt Gertrude—Why?

Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.

Courting Trouble.

Willison—I hear that Anastasia Hardrocks is engaged to a French count who has fought seven duels.

Copley—That fellow is evidently determined to fool around till he gets hurt.

A Surprise.

"Young Mr. Dabster says that he is wedded to his art."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Cayenne. "I shouldn't have judged by his pictures that he was even engaged to it."

IN THE GARDEN.

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the wintry days have flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how things have grown.
I have planted pansies and sweet peas
And morning glories there—
Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how my seedlings fare."
He took her little hand in his,
And they sauntered out to see,
But not a pansy had come up,
Nor a solitary pea;
He took one look around and then
He wildly tore his hair—
His next door neighbor's chickens had
Preceded Maudie there.

Burglar Bill's Mistake; or, Nipped in the Bud.

Where the Miracle Came In.

"Well, Uncle Rasburry, how did you like the sermon?"

"It war a pow'ful sermon, Marse John."

"What was it about?"

"It war 'bout de mir'cle ob seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes bein' fed to de twelve 'postles."

"Seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes being fed to the twelve apostles? But where does the miracle come in?"

Uncle Rasburry scratched his head meditatively. Then he replied:

"Well, Marse John, de mir'cle, 'cordin' to my perception of de circumstances, is dat dey all didn't bust."

FORCED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Benevolent Lady—My good man, why don't you learn some trade?

Weary Waggles—Know fourteen alread y.

Benevolent Lady—Why, how's that?

Weary Waggles—Served fourteen terms.